

THE HOME COUNTIES. — I.

DRAWN BY FRED MAYOR

CAPTAIN JACOBUS.

Certain passages from the Memoirs of ANTHONY LANGFORD Gentleman: containing a particular account of his Adventures with CAPTAIN JACOBUS the Notorious Cavalier Highwayman: of his connection with the PENRUDDOCK Plot in the time of the Commonwealth and of the surprising Adventures and singular turns of Fortune that befell him in the course of these relations. . . Written by Himself and now newly set forth By L. Cope Cornford.



ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD

SUMMARY

Anthony Langford, being compelled to flee his home near Salisbury by the machinations of one, Manning, an unsuccessful rival in love, joins Captain Jacobus, a Royalist conspirator, who has warned him. Nick Armorer, lieutenant of Jacobus, lies a prisoner in London for stealing the mails. The two companions set out to rescue him. In Winchester they come on Cromwell, and Jacobus makes a mad and unsuccessful attempt to stop his coach and rob him. At Farnham they fall in at their inn with two beautiful ladies who bid them to supper and entreat them very kindly, for the King's

sake. The next day they ride on to Guildford, rescuing the two ladies, who have preceded them, from the hands of a highwayman. They sleep that night at the Globe Tavern, in Fleet Street. Nick Armorer lies in Newgate, and is to die at once. Jacobus, however, manages to drug the Bellman of St. Sepulchre's—an official who goes beneath the condemned cell on the last night of a prisoner's life and warns him to repent—personates him, and so hands to Armorer the means of making his escape. He also arranges for the procuring of £1,000 from the Commonwealth by means of a forged draft. Notwithstanding the subsequent treachery of their entertainers these plans come to a successful issue, and Jacobus and his friend ride off to interview the Earl of Rochester at his lodging in Whitehall, there to hand over the spoil. It is now necessary that someone shall take mails to the King, and Anthony Langford crosses to Flushing. He is there instructed to return and meet Jacobus at Lyme Regis, and put him on to perform a very curious mission in Salisbury. He meets him, and they ride to Salisbury, which they find is now in the hands of the Royalists.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW CAPTAIN JACOBUS EXECUTED THE KING'S COMMISSION.

TWAS a week since the capture of the city. I was basking in the sun on mattress and pillows spread on the grass outside the Beggars' Chapel,

occupying the very place of one of those sentries whom Jacobus and I, little more than three weeks ago, had found asleep, his match smouldering beside him: while

the Captain himself lay in the place of the other rascal, smoking a cigarro, his hat over his eyes: and Barbara sat above me in an orange-tawny velvet chair. At a little distance, beyond the bubbling stream, stood the covered waggon of the half-dozen Egyptians whom the Captain had retained for servants: the swarthy people in their bright garments were gathered about a crackling wood fire, above which, amid the curling blue smoke, hung a pot upon a tripod. Beyond, the forest closed us in, drest in its spring bravery: between the rough trunks, hyacinths hid the ground like a blue mist: overhead, fragile and small clouds voyaged upon the blue before a westerly gale: while now and again the jolly sun would veil his face behind the mounded purple wrack.

The Captain had dispersed the rest of the Beggars and Egyptians north, east, south, and west: had caused the chapel to be cleansed from floor to roof-tree, and to be strewn with fresh rushes: had transformed his room of the sacristy into a sleeping-chamber for Barbara and her nurse: and had built a partition of branches in the body of the place for my benefit: while Jacobus himself commonly watched me by night, and slept as he could by day. He had gone down to Salisbury upon the night of my arrival, and informed Mr. Phelps of matters: the old man had ridden up twice or thrice, laden with cordials and dainties for the sick man: but Barbara had declined to return with her father, or to admit an apothecary; saying that her business was to nurse me until I was whole, and that she was a better doctor than any barber-surgeon of them all. Meanwhile, for the last three days, I had slept almost continuously: and now, as I lay in the blessed sunlight, save for a certain languor and stiffness, I felt a whole man once more. Therefore, I requested the dozing Captain to give me the news, and a full relation of his adventures in the house of Mayor Phelps. Jacobus consulted my physician with a look, who nodded permission.

"Fair and softly, boy," said he; "what made you a day late at Fordingbridge?"

"I lost my horse first, then my head, and last my way," I replied.

"All that?" remarked Jacobus. "Well, you found your way again, I take it, and you seem to have regained a kind of headpiece, if a little the worse for wear.

But how did you get a horse? Or did you walk? Y' had time enough."

The Captain's tone was scarcely flattering: but put it every way I had not shone in my exploits; and 'twas foolish to take offence.

"There are plenty nags upon the road," I said, mildly.

Jacobus did not move so much as an eyelid. There was an appreciable pause, but when he spoke, requesting me to tell my story, he did not betray the slightest sense of what was implied by my admission. I briefly related my misfortunes. When I came to Manning's escape, Jacobus swore blasphemously until he caught the look upon Mrs. Barbara's face.

"I crave your pardon, Mistress," said he; "but I left the man for Anthony to kill, and he lets him go. I would 'a cut his throat else."

"I do not like such talk," said Barbara, soberly.

"What of Penruddock?" I asked, for neither had I any great desire to discuss Mr. Manning.

"Colonel Penruddock and the best part of his troop are lodged in Exeter Gaol," said Jacobus, evenly.

"What!" I cried. "Is the plot at an end, then?" My gilded expectations toppled like a house of cards.

"Plot!" returned Jacobus savagely, "'twas a schoolboy's freak—'twas the King of France with forty thousand men—'twas anything you please. Colonel John and Major Joseph, with not forty hundred—not four hundred, as God's-my-life, go out to conquer a kingdom of soldiers! They take Salisbury without a blow struck on either side: and had they laid down any sort of plan whatsoever—had they even waited for your damned Hampshiremen, or marched on London, things might have gone better; the country might have taken fire, and at any rate nothing could have fallen out worse. But, having captured the city by five in the morning, they desert it by two in the afternoon, without leaving so much as a corporal's guard for garrison. They do not even hang the bloody Judges. Whereupon all things resume their course as though the soldiers had never set foot in the town. . . . Why did they so at all? What, 'a God's name, did they think they were doing! Well, as I say, Sir John and Sir Joseph sound tuckets, march away down west towards



"WE ENTERED THE CITY ABOUT FIVE OF THE CLOCK"

Blandford, with drums beating and colours flying, for some two or three hours, when who should they meet but our old friend Captain Crook with his patrol of dragoons. The Royalist horses were wearied out, the army could neither fight nor fly: whereupon Crook promises free pardon on the word of a gentleman to all who yield peaceably: and the end of it was that Sir John and the most of them gave up their arms, while Sir Joseph and the rest, having, I suppose, some glimmerings of sense, got away on foot into hiding. Next day Crook drives the whole posse like sheep into Exeter gaol, where they are now awaiting the butcher. The Hampshire gentlemen, finding Salisbury empty, swept, and garnished upon their arrival, rode quietly home again, like wise men. So ends the Penruddock Plot for the glorious restoration of our Sovereign Lord the King," said Jacobus, getting up and striding across the grass to relight his cigarro at the Egyptians' fire.

Barbara laid her hand on mine for a moment. For myself I had scant reason to complain, but I was dreadfully oppressed.

"They will not dare to hang them?" I said, when Jacobus returned.

"Will they not?" said he. "Is there any crime Oliver will shirk? And these men were taken red-handed in rebellion. A promise! What is a promise to a Puritan? They have exchanged the code of gentlemen for the Book of Leviticus."

The rarity seemed to have gone out of the sunshine, and we sat in silence. Presently Jacobus, perhaps to divert my thoughts, took up the tale of his adventures.

"We entered the city about five of the clock on the morning of April second, as I have said, a troop of horse about two hundred strong, all as arranged. First we rode to the Gaol, and threatened to carry the place by assault unless they opened the gates, which they did. Whereupon we entered and turned all the prisoners loose into the streets. Some of my own beggar-spies were among 'em. Then we dispersed in bands to requisition all the horses in the town. I took a hand in that also, and 'twas excellent sport. These little risings fail invariably, but they are admirable fooling while they last. After that I went to breakfast with the officers at the sign of the Sun over

against the Conduit, where master inn-keeper could find nought good enough to set before us: I never beheld a man so instantly obsequious. Before we had done there comes one running to say that the Mayor and Aldermen were assembled in the Town Hall, whither the Colonel and Sir Joseph went immediately. I stayed till I had finished breakfast, when I thought it a suitable time to present the paper of seals at the house of Mayor Phelps, so rode leisurely up High Street and across the Market-place. All the troopers—gentlemen, yeomen, and churls—were carousing on every side: the cits welcomed 'em like brothers; and ale was flowing like a festival. A parcel of madcaps had set the bells going: altogether, 'twas like the capture of a city in a play-house. I had my own affairs to mind, or, body-o'-me, I would have shown the Colonel another-guess way to set about the business.

"Well, I left my horse with the soberest soldado I could see, found the house, and knocked upon the panel. 'Twas opened at once by a tall, black-avised gallant, whom I surmised to be Manning himself, as I had expected.

"Give you good-den, Mr. Manning," I said, to make sure.

"Y'have my name very pat," says he. "I have not the honour of knowing you, I think."

"Here is that may serve for recommendation," I said: and showed him the paper of seals.

"He put out his hand to take it, but I stowed it back in my pocket.

"Come in, sir, and welcome," said he, and led me into a little business-looking cabinet at the back of the hall, and shut the door. There was a leash of tankards on the table, and after pledging each other, we sat down. For all his easy manner, I could see that the fellow suspected me bitterly, fearing, I suppose, that you had penetrated his disguise, and had informed me of his doings.

"Is not your name Simeon, sir?" said Mr. Manning, looking at me.

"Why, no," I said. "My name is Jacobus—Captain Jacobus. You have never heard it before, perhaps?"

"Indeed," says my gentleman, with a bow, 'tis a title I have long been familiar with. But y'are a little trifle like a certain Mr. Simeon I did once know, at the first glance. Well, I have

three thousand pounds to deliver to you, sir: and I am glad to confide the monies to such experienced hands,' says he. 'But prithee, Captain, how go matters in the town?'

"I shrugged my shoulders and pulled

sir, are men of the great world. We are about a matter of some moment, and I will be open with you. Is it probable that a handful of raw cavalry can upset a kingdom guarded by the finest army in the world?'



"COME IN, SIR, AND WELCOME"

a long face, for I wanted to see what he would be at.

"'Well enough,' I said. 'Tis not very difficult to march a troop of horse into an unarmed country place.'

"'You think, then, the event is doubtful?' he asked.

"'Come,' I returned, 'you and I, dear

"Mr. Manning was visibly discomposed. 'Tis then a question,' said he, 'whether or no this great sum of money would not be better laid by awhile until a more promising occasion?'

"'Tis a question, certainly,' I said: for I began to perceive his drift.

"'It might be well,' pursued my con-

spirator, eyeing me, 'to bestow it meanwhile in some safe hiding-place: doubtless you know of such, Captain?'

"'It might, truly,' I said. 'But is it not safe where it now is?'

"'No, by no means,' said Manning, with conviction. 'And the sooner you and I get to shifting the gold the better,' says he, getting up.

"'Tis in the house, then?' I said.

"'That you will see,' he answered: and by that I knew it was.

"'There is just a point, Mr. Manning,' I observed. 'This money, properly expended now, might it not work the success of the plot which, we know, must otherwise fail?'

"He seemed to reflect a moment: then shook his head.

"'The chance is so inconsiderable,' said he, 'it is not worth the risk.'

"'Faith, but I think it is worth it,' said I.

"'That is for me to decide, by your leave, Captain,' said Manning, blackening.

"Then I smoked his trick. Had the Cavaliers been in a fair way to success he would have given me the money in pure speculation, hoping to be rewarded hereafter by the King with a good place about the Court. But as, on the contrary, they seemed in the way to fail, his game was to nab the gett himself. He could not transport the treasure alone, and so I was to assist him—to get knocked on the head from behind for my pains, belike! The money, then, was not his own: therefore it belonged to Mr. Phelps: and I had next to discover whether Mr. Phelps had designed this gift for his Majesty, or Manning was robbing him. So I pulled out a pistol and covered Mr. Manning.

"'Put forth hand to sword or pistol and I will break the bone of your arm with a bullet,' I said. 'I am tired of this talk. Come, sir! I bear the King's commission: and in that service I have toppled a many more pretty gentlemen into the dust and the dark than you have ever passed the time o' day with. There is better company than you are accustomed to keep, belike, waiting for you on the other side Styx. As God's-my-life, ye shall join them ere I count five, sith you do not straightway deliver me up three thousand pounds, peaceably and without treachery.

"I began to count one, two, but my gentleman was nothing dismayed and

had the impudence to grin at me. Your Manning is a courageous chuff, and 'tis pity he is so double-minded and unsteadfast.

"'Easy, Captain,' says he. 'Easy with the fire-lock; they are ill engines for mountebanks to handle. Y'are not upon the King's highway, nor am I a fool of a burgess to be scared by your windy violences. If you shot me you would never find the treasure, o' my word.'

"'— Three,' said I. 'You forget, sir, I could ask Mr. Phelps.'

"'You could so,' says Manning, 'and sith the Mayor is a bitter Roundhead I leave you to imagine the response you would get.'

"'So y'are about spoiling the Egyptians, is't not so? I do begin to perceive a kindred spirit in you,' I said.

"'Put down your pistol, then,' said Manning: and so I did, for it had served my turn.

"'Come, Mr. Manning,' I said, 'time wastes; let us understand one another without more ado. Had the King been on his way to Whitehall, the matter would have worn a different complexion, I take it; but as his Majesty is fast in Holland, and extremely likely to stay there, we need not discuss that aspect of the problem. As it is, you want the gold for yourself, I know that. Why, therefore, deny it? Moreover, as you cannot steal it without help you hoped I should have assisted you blindfold. That will not come to pass, but I will still assist you—upon conditions.'

"Manning looked at me, and I saw that I had hit him.

"'You made a strange mistake, Captain Jacobus,' says he, biting his finger. 'Tis a natural suspicion for a gentleman of your habits, or I should think you meant to insult me. We cannot all be highwaymen. These monies belong to the King, sir.'

"'Ay, sir,' I said, 'and so doth this realm of England, but he hath it not in his pocket, any the more for that. I know what y'are drumbling at. Y'are thinking I am hand and glove with young Langford because I carry the three seals that he had from the King. I suppose ye guessed he had them, as King's messenger: and it is true I took them from him. I keep the roads of the West Country, as y'are aware: and I stopped the gallant on his way hither

from Lyme Regis, and made him turn me out his pockets for a jest—for I take nothing, only from Roundheads. The three seals took my fancy; they smelled of gold to me; but my gallant would tell me nought about them till I bound the boy to a tree and tied a piece of lighted match betwixt his fingers, when he found his tongue. He held you in some suspicion of treachery, it seemed, which methought would be the better for me; therefore, I took the adventure on myself and let little Langford go on his errand. But we had best be quick, for he is but ridden to Fordingbridge to warn the Hampshiremen and will, doubtless, be here presently.'

"Manning swallowed that invention of my Minerva like a common gull.

"You said—upon conditions?' quoth he.

"Half,' I said.

"But Manning could not stomach that, and huffed, swore, looked big, and blustered.

"Well,' said I, 'I thank God I can earn my livelihood without picking the pockets of honest burgesses. Give you good-den, Mr. Manning,' and I made as if to go.

"At that he altered his note, and presently agreed: and we went into the hall, where he pressed the spring, opened the panelling, and entered the priest's hole. 'Twas a tiny, square, stone chamber, with a round window high up to the left: on the right a flight of steps led up to a fireplace, where was a space big enough for a man to sit with comfort: and a little door opened therefrom, I supposed, into the chimney of the hall fireplace. The panel door was stoutly barred and thickened: a space was cut out behind the face of the portrait, and a little slip of canvas moved on a pin, so that a man could lay his cheek at the back of the thin board and peer through the eye-hole. 'Twas a sweet place wherein to stow money-bags: and well it was for Master Phelps that he hath you to his son-in-law, Anthony! Manning went up the steps, kneeled down, and began to grope on the stones. I whipped out of the chamber and shut to

the panel quietly, but he must 'a heard the bolt click, for he flung himself against the wood, crying out. Had he thought instead of the door in the chimney, 'a might have escaped, but I climbed swiftly up and drew bolts on the hither side, and a mighty sooty job it was. Well, there was my clever conspirator fast by the heels till you came to turn him out and cut off his head, Anthony. I am sorry you left it on his shoulders. 'Twas your quarrel, and I thought you would like to end it yourself, else I would have killed him. Then I bethought me of Mrs. Barbara, and walked upstairs to search for her, whereupon I heard a little noise of sobbing behind a locked door, upon which I knocked. 'Who's there?' asked someone, in a weeping voice. 'I come from Mr. Langford,' I said. 'My name is Jacobus.' Mrs. Barbara opened at once, and when she saw me, she smiled through her tears," said Jacobus, sentimentally.

"You were a figure to make a cat laugh, with your fine lendings and your soot," said Mrs. Barbara. "But I was glad to see you, too. I was afraid for my father, for I made sure there was fighting in the town. And Mr. Manning was not the pleasantest house-mate."

"All things considered," pursued Jacobus, "I thought 'twas safest to take Mrs. Barbara from harm's way until matters were settled in the city. Besides, Manning was in the house, and when you came there must have been bloodshed. So Mrs. Barbara packed her valise while I got her a palfrey: and, taking her nurse behind me, we sought refuge in my private sanctuary. So endeth the adventure of the three seals," and he tossed me the paper. It lies before me now as I write, torn and discoloured, one antique head cracked across the cheek.

"Captain," I said, "I am inexpressibly beholden to you," and I reached him my hand.

He shook it negligently.

"I doubt me if the King would make quite the same observation," said Jacobus

CHAPTER XV.

A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE.

THE next day came one of the Captain's beggar-spies with news saying that a general gaol delivery would be holden at Exeter on April 18th, when

Sir John Penruddock and his following would be put upon their trial, and that Chief Justice Rolles had returned to London instead of proceeding to Exeter.



"I KNEW NOT WHAT TO ANSWER"

We learned afterwards that he refused to sit in judgment upon the men who had spared his life; whereupon Cromwell deprived him of office and sent down a new commission of oyer and terminer. There was never any weakness of sentiment about the Lord Protector's dealings.

"I fear 'tis a hanging matter," said

Jacobus; "but whatever may befall I shall ride down and see th' affair through to the end. Also I have a score to settle with Captain Crook. What say you? Shall we take the road again?"

"I am with you," said I.

It was therefore settled that we should start on April 14th, three days hence,

which would allow four days easy travelling for the distance.

There are halcyon pauses in life's march when one steps aside out of the dust into a piece of Eden, and lets the world go roaring by awhile unheeded; when the fights and follies of the past drop from us like Christian's pack o' sins; when the unsure and dark future is forgotten. Thus it befell with us for three sunshiny days at the Beggars' Chapel. But upon the eve of my departure, having prepared my equipage for the morrow, I sought Barbara with a heavy heart, leaving the Captain polishing his pistols and whistling gay as a bird.

*No man sings a merrier note
Than he that cannot change a groat,*

chanted Jacobus; but I did not think so.

I found Barbara a little way in the forest, where a bank, matted with creeping blue flowers, hove out above a valley: beyond the tall trees on the opposite ridge the evening sky was painted in scarlet and gold, and overhead great rose-coloured clouds melted into the blue.

"Barbara," I said, "this will never do. Alas, you and I must part, my dear. To-morrow I ride down to the West (for I am a sworn volunteer), where my life is in jeopardy every hour; and after I must seek my fortune overseas, for I doubt not that what the Captain says is true, that after this outbreak of the Royalists the Protector will put in force the most stringent and oppressive ordinances against the Cavaliers. I will come back to you if I live, my dear; but meanwhile I do not hold you bound to me by so much as a word: y'are free as air. For I cannot ask you to marry me."

I had conned this speech with much care, and it pained me a good deal to deliver it; altogether I felt very solemn and grieved. Therefore I was greatly taken aback when Barbara laughed in my glum face.

"You men think yourselves so mighty wise and heroical!" said she. "I would have you to know, sir, that I am an heiress and can marry whom I please. What if I chose to marry you, Mr. Anthony Langford?"

"I should have to say you nay," I said, turning aside. "It would not be fitting. You know I could not do't."

"O, you have the finest feelings in the world and the most delicate scruples, I know that very well," retorted Barbara, totally unimpressed by my dignified attitude. "But supposing you were to think of someone beside your noble self, sir, for once. Just for a single novelty!"

"Do I not?" said I.

"No, sir, you do not," said she. "O, you men! For a finikin convention, a fantastical whim of honour, you would sacrifice not only yourselves—which would be the less important—but others, no matter who or what. How does it signify which of us hath monies? 'Tis the weariest commonplace. Do you suppose a woman sacrifices nothing to take a man's earnings? You say we have no notion of honour: well, at least we own a conscience, wherein, me seemeth, we enjoy a somewhat singular advantage."

I knew not what to answer, being torn asunder and bewildered.

"I would not ask you twice were you the Great Chan!" said Barbara gently, in a little.

There was that in her voice which broke down my resistance. The fortress capitulated, the besieger took possession once and for ever.

"Listen to me," said Barbara presently. "I have a plan. We will go to Virginia and buy an estate with my dowry. Make no mistake, my pragmatical gallant, you shall lead no rose-leaf existence. When we are rich, and if there be a Restoration, we will come home and live at Langford Manor."

We opened the matter that evening to Jacobus, the crafty in counsel.

"I think y'are well advised," quoth our Odysseus. "Faith, I see not what else ye can do, unless ye take to the road like me. And as for that, I doubt if thou wouldst ever make a great hand at it. You will fight and bully when y'are stirred up to't, but ye take a most prodigious pole and the devil of a lot of stirring. The root of the matter is not in you. Ye do not love the hard living and hard riding, the continual jeopardy, the staggering turns of fortune: when a man may be carousing with a king's ransom in his pockets one day and the next fleeing for his life like a fox. Why, look you," pursued Jacobus, warming, "y'are hunted out of house and land and yet ye have no lust to hunt the hunters. Y'are out of law, ye have nought to lose,

and all Christendom lies open before you, Roundheads fat with ill-gotten gains jogging to and fro on every road and swarming in every town. Yet the prospect leaves you cold. 'Tis incredible. S'life, the Parliament did to me what the Protector hath done to you before I was your age; and the Puritan crew have been paying for't ever since, year in and year out, in blood and gold: the price is not paid yet and so long as I can sit a horse I go a-questing to fill up the measure that is never filled. Ay, did my own mother stand in the way I would ride over her face!"

He gnawed his mustachios and fell silent. I had never seen him so moved: doubtless my case had brought the remembrance of his own wrongs freshly to mind, when he lost more than house and lands. Barbara looked across in the firelight at the dark lined visage: Jacobus caught her glance, his face changed, and presently we fell to discussing how our project might best be effected. It was finally arranged that Barbara (whom her father had appointed to fetch in the morning) should return to Salisbury to make her preparations while we rode to Exeter: thence, as it was unsafe to show our faces in Salisbury, we were to ride to the village of Over Wallop in Hampshire, which lay

on the road from Salisbury to Southampton, where Mrs. Mariabellah Curle dwelt with Mrs. Beatrice and Dean Young. There Barbara and Mr. Phelps would meet us, the Dean should perform the marriage, and after we would travel to Southampton and take ship thence to Virginia.

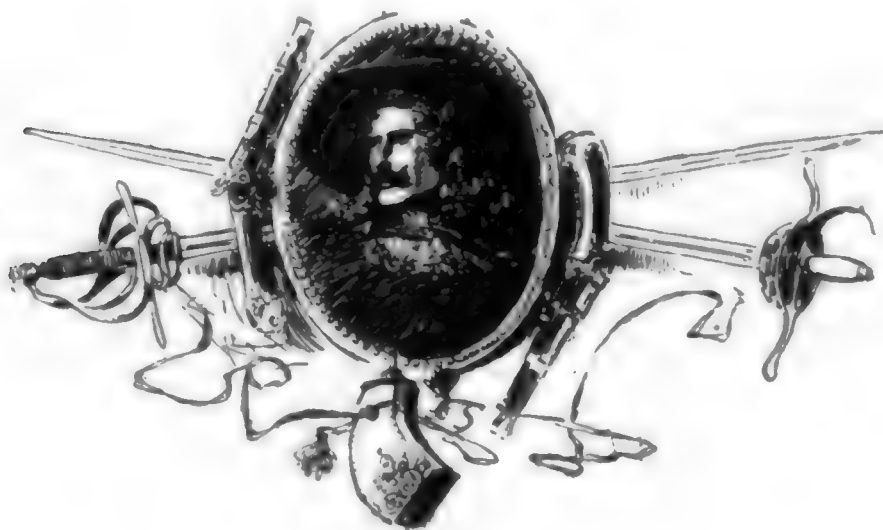
"But will Mr. Phelps agree to this pretty scheme?" I asked Barbara.

"Do you think I cannot manage my own father?" quoth she. "Besides, he will marry again so soon as I am gone, and I shall not be missed. He hath had a very fine woman in his eye (to use his own phrase) this ever so long."

So while the most of my fellow-cavaliers lay bound in prison in fear of death, and a hundred families were suffering the cruel torture of suspense, destiny seemed shaping my way to happiness supreme. But the shadow of others' misfortunes darkened my own fair prospects; why should some be taken and others left? and that which befell them might befall us some day.

"Y'have won a most admirable lass, boy," quoth the Captain, when Barbara had gone to bed. "A most sweet and praiseworthy wench, Anthony," said he, shaking his head.

That was true: and, after all, what did the rest matter?



The First Time Under Fire.

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.

MR. STEPHEN CRANE has pictured in powerful fashion the psychological condition of the youth going for the first time into battle. The picture in *The Red Badge of Courage*, extremely real and interesting as it is, though drawn by a young man who has never himself been under fire, suggests much as to the inner meaning and secret history of war. How have the proved heroes, the winners of the Victoria Cross, comported themselves when they first crossed the Valley of the Shadow? Have they always given earnest of the dauntless spirit which was eventually to single them out from thousands? What of the men who are now high in command, the generals and admirals on whose prowess and bravery the nation now feels that it can at any moment rely? Did they all pass unflinchingly through their first fiery ordeal? Had the god of War never any terrors for them? To such questions, of course, it is almost impossible to obtain any full and satisfactory reply, but, nevertheless, regarded from this point of view, the début of distinguished soldiers and sailors on the scene of fight gains a new and additional interest.

One possible answer is admirably put by that aged veteran, Admiral Sir John C. Dalrymple Hay, whose term of service—notwithstanding his too modest denial—was exceptionally arduous and brilliant. But in reading the following letter you may be permitted to doubt if part of what the gallant Admiral says is not of more or less limited application:

"I have not had the experience of many of my friends and brother officers in action. Indeed, I have only been under fire seventeen times in my long life. I felt on the first occasion much as I should feel now, believing most fully that 'every bullet has its billet,' and that a man whose duty it is to be under fire is as safe there, under God's merciful protection, as he is when sitting at his writing table, as I now am, pen in hand.

In the year 1847, I think, quoting from the *Scottish Antiquary* of recent date which I have not at hand to refer to, a gallant surgeon died and left a legacy of £10,000 to be given to the bravest man in the British Army. He further provided that the Duke of Wellington was to be the sole judge of the person entitled to receive the reward. The Duke accepted the office and published his award. He said, in effect, 'As it is left to me to decide, it must go to someone whom I have seen perform an act of bravery of the highest character. There have been many, but I know of none so conspicuously daring as the three men who shut the gates of Hougoumont under the French fire on the 18th June, 1815. These three were Sir James McDonnell, Lord Saltoun, and Sergeant—. McDonnell and Saltoun could not take the money, so I award it to the Sergeant.' Soon after this happened there was a large party at Eglinton Castle, where Lord Eglinton of that date showed a generous hospitality. Amongst the guests were Lord Saltoun and some officers from the neighbouring garrisons. One of the young officers was discussing in disparaging terms the conduct of the 14th Light Dragoons at Chillianwalla, who, in consequence of a mistaken order, had been unjustly blamed. The regiment had been recently in one of these garrisons, and was very popular, and the remarks of the subaltern were giving much offence at the table where the discussion arose. Lord Eglinton, with his charming tact, at once intervened, and, alluding to the Duke of Wellington's award, said: "Gentlemen, we have Lord Saltoun here, whom the Duke has named as one of the three bravest men in the British Army. Saltoun, will you tell these young fellows how you feel when you are going into action?" So Lord Saltoun pulled up his gills, and said: 'Well, I always feel in a d—d funk, but I never tell anybody.' I should think that a common experience."

There is a significant interest in the fact that the two greatest generals in our Army—Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts—both won the “red badge of courage” in their first battle. The Commander-in-Chief had his first taste of war in an expedition against Burmah in 1852, as an ensign in the Eightieth Regiment.

rapidly-retreating comrades, who supposed him to have been killed. None the worse for the mishap, the young officer at once presented himself when volunteers were called for from the Eightieth for still another charge upon the stockade, which was breathing out fire and slaughter upon the little British



LORD ROBERTS

From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

He was but nineteen at the time, yet to him and a Lieutenant Taylor fell the leadership of the storming party which captured the last stockade of Myatoon, the Burmese leader. Again and again the attempt was made, without success. In one of these valiant rushes Lieutenant Wolseley fell into a *trou de loup*, or covered pit, and on emerging, uninjured, had much difficulty in rejoining his

force of a few hundreds. The storming-party this time reached the path leading up to the stockade, and, to their chagrin, found that it could be scaled by only two abreast. Taylor and Wolseley at once put themselves with a cheer at the head of the troop, both to be shot down before they had proceeded many yards. “I fell,” said Lord Wolseley, in describing his recollections of his first battle, “shot



LORD WOLSELEY

DRAWN BY E. H. WILSON

through the left leg. I thought I was bleeding to death. The men saw me fall, and were inclined to go back, and a sergeant named Quin wanted to carry me away. 'Go on!' I cried, with what strength I could, 'go on, men! go on!' They did; scrambled over the parapet, and the enemy bolted." Wolseley's companion, Taylor, it may be added, did

the wounded man was pronounced to be out of danger. "I can scarcely tell," Lord Wolseley said on one occasion, "how I felt on going into my first action. It is a sensation hard to describe. You look forward with eagerness to see what a battle is like. I know I was longing to get shot at. . . Nerve—nerve is the great thing needed."



SIR EVELYN WOOD

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young

bleed to death before some of the men returned to procure medical help for their gallant young leaders. - The future Commander-in-Chief was laid up for six months, with a soldier in constant attendance upon him, to guard against the constant peril of hemorrhage. It was not until the shores of England were sighted, after a four months' voyage, that

Lord Roberts went through his baptism of fire about four years later, at the siege of Delhi, which in July, 1857, was the chief stronghold of the Indian Mutiny. It was desultory fighting, and there was no dramatic episode of which Lieutenant Roberts, who belonged to the Bengal Artillery, but during the siege was attached to the headquarters' staff

could make himself the hero. The first real battle in which he was engaged was in repelling a sortie made by the garrison on July 9th, 1857. On that occasion Lieutenant Roberts sustained a spine bruise which, though not dangerous, dis-

in his first battle. As it was, his conduct on that day did not escape attention, and in General Wilson's despatches he was mentioned as "an active and gallant officer."

Sir Evelyn Wood went out to the



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD

abled him for a month. A bullet lodged in the pouch, where he carried his revolver caps, which, in the course of the day had worked round to his back. But for this trivial circumstance, the man who was to command our army in India would probably have been killed

Crimea in 1854 as midshipman on H.M.S. *The Queen*, determined on winning the Victoria Cross at all hazards. This determination on the part of a lad of sixteen did not quail before the realities of war. He was transferred to the Naval Brigade at Balaclava, and

there distinguished himself by his extraordinary indifference—for a raw youth—to the Russian shells. On the 17th of October he volunteered to lead a working party to fetch powder from the rear under the fire of both the Redan and Malakoff forts. A young fellow named Daniels¹ joined him in this exploit, and in writing to one of Midshipman Wood's kinsmen, Sir William Peel, R.N., said that "the names of these two heroes are known through the whole army." The deed, added Sir William, was "the more noble as there were no spectators." This did not win Sir Evelyn Wood his Victoria Cross—he had, in fact, changed his service and seen four years soldiering before this coveted token was awarded to him. But this Balaclava incident, as exhibiting the singular courage of a raw youth, has, perhaps, more interest than any other in his career.

You would suppose that the circumstances under which men for the first time go into battle would deeply impress themselves on the memory. According to nearly all the distinguished officers I have consulted, however, this is far from being the case. Lord Charles Beresford, for instance, writing of the bombardment of Alexandria, when he commanded the gunboat *Condor*, states: "You ask me what I recollect concerning it. What I remember with the greatest distinction is the satisfaction that we all felt at being afloat after the action." "I can only say," writes Sir Donald Stewart, "that the first engagement in which I took

part was on the North-West frontier of India forty-three years ago. Though the operations on that occasion were duly reported by the Commander, General Sydney Cotton, I do not think his reports were ever published. It is not now in my power to give you an account of the affair."

Sir William Butler, on the other hand, denies that he and his brother officers have had any experience during the last forty years of "battles" in the proper sense of that word: "I am unable to comply with your request for the reason that I have never been engaged in a 'battle' as that word is understood by me. The last battle fought by the British Army—that of Inkerman—took place in 1854, four years before I entered her Majesty's service. My recollections of the few skirmishes and other incidents of the little savage or commercial wars in which the Army has borne a part during the last quarter of a century could not possibly be interesting or instructive to anybody." General Butler's letter throws an interesting light on one point of view of the professional soldier. To the lay mind it would seem that the individual soldier, called upon to go into an action for the first time, would care little for its relative importance. It might well be that "trivial affair" would more severely test the fighting qualities of the fledgling than a contest of first-class importance, when the "pomp and circumstance of war" might help to sustain him.





ILLUSTRATED BY J. BARNARD DAVIS

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

IT was a pouring wet night as Smurthwaite and I entered the Hotel de Ceresole, a small Italian restaurant in the Soho neighbourhood, which had been, as he told me, one of his favourite resorts for many years. Entering the long, low parlour by a door at the end of the passage, we saw at the end nearest the street two long tables filled with guests, who had in many cases finished dinner and were engaged in a lively discussion. Their appearance proclaimed them to be nearly all foreigners. Their conversation seemed to be a peculiar blend of French and Italian, while their excited gestures led to the conclusion that they were of the Latin race. The rest of the room was dotted here and there with small marble-topped tables to accommodate two or four guests.

Smurthwaite's entrance was the signal for the hurried approach of the landlord, a bald and bullet-headed Italian, short of stature and rotund of body, with bushy black whiskers and moustache and a chin which had not seen the razor for nearly a week. Rubbing his hands, the landlord welcomed my friend in broken English, led the way to a seat, and told him with some enthusiasm that several of his regular guests had been enquiring for "Signor Smurvaite" lately.

Turning round to look at the long tables several of those present glanced at Smurthwaite with looks of hearty recognition.

"You seem to be well known here," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "I have known this place for nearly a quarter of a century, and our worthy host for nearly fifteen years. It was here that I first learnt where to get the cheapest and soundest claret in London. This place has very curious memories for me in many respects, and after dinner, if you have nothing better to do, I will tell you a strange story connected with it."

Whether it were the anticipation of hearing one of my friend's stories or my distaste for Italian cookery, I cannot tell, but I ate very little, and the dinner seemed to me the longest I had ever known. After dinner, when coffee and liqueurs had been brought and cigars lighted, Smurthwaite began.

"Now, the story I am going to tell you is one that concerns a living man, and I must make it a condition that you must not repeat the story or make any use of it, as I know you young journalists are so apt to do, until I give you permission. You know that in my younger days I was greatly devoted to music, and especially to operatic music. Well, that

fondness of mine led me to seek those among whom I should stand most chance of gratifying this taste. It induced me naturally to come here, where a number of those who are connected with the operatic profession congregate of an evening. I learnt Italian from a *prima donna*, a charming woman, with whom I, and everyone else who knew her, fell in love, but alas! she vanished to Southern Italy and married a respectable tradesman, I believe."

Here Mr. Smurthwaite fell into a fit of musing. A gentle cough from myself served to recall him to his surroundings. "But I am forgetting," he said. "I digress, as the story-books say. Well, among the frequenters of this little restaurant there was one who had a great attraction for me—Henri Quatremain by name. He had at one time, many years before I knew him, possessed a remarkable tenor voice, but somehow he had lost it. He continued to live in London, however, and to frequent the Ceresole. How he lived, what were his surroundings at home, who his relations were, no one knew. He was never well off, that we all saw, and sometimes for weeks together the members of our little coterie used to vie with one another as to who should have the pleasure of asking him to dine. There was only one other Englishman in our fraternity—he is dead now, poor fellow!—and although he and I used to wonder how Quatremain made a living, we never learnt, nor, I suppose, should I ever had known had accident not put the information into my hands.

"Quatremain was a most genial, witty, good-hearted Frenchman; everyone, I think, who ever met him came to that conclusion. He would spend days and nights in doing kindnesses to others, while he seemed to neglect all opportunities of doing any good for himself. As the saying goes, 'he was no one's enemy but his own.' His characteristics were well known to the whole of our little company, and somehow the place never seemed to be quite the same and our little society was never quite so merry when Quatremain was absent. This, I must say, was very seldom, as for nearly ten years I do not remember him to have been absent on more than a dozen occasions when I, a pretty regular attendant, was here. He had a peculiar stammer which rendered his

speech, and especially his witticisms, extremely piquant. He talked English with a strong foreign accent, and idiomatically his English was far from perfect. He was a man of medium height, slight figure, iron-grey hair, and a small grey moustache. He invariably wore his soft felt hat on one side of his head, and his entrance into the Ceresole, with his genial, hearty smile, was always hailed with a shout of welcome. ♣

One night when I arrived here, the landlord—that man who spoke to me when we came in—rushed up to me and in broken accents told me that Quatremain was dead; that he had been found lying at the foot of the stairs of his lodgings late the night before, and that an inquest was to be held upon him on the following day. I don't know when I have been so overcome at the death of an acquaintance as I was then, but somehow he seemed more like a brother, not only to me but to all of us. To think that Quatremain—whom I had known so intimately for ten years, whom I had on many occasions befriended, and who had as often befriended me—should so suddenly have passed out of life was, I confess, a terrible shock to me. Only the night before, some six or eight hours before his death, apparently, I had chatted with him here. He had, I remembered, a pre-occupied air, and hurried away, pleading an engagement, the nature of which, contrary to his usual custom, he did not disclose.

"Our little society that night had a gloomy air, and not one of us cared to discuss ordinary topics. It leaked out in conversation that poor Quatremain had been in very low water some time before his death, and had been unable to pay his rent for some months. It was suggested, I think by myself, that if his property proved insufficient we ought to get up a subscription to pay for his funeral and to clear off all his liabilities. Though none of us were rich and most of us were poor, everyone of our little society, including the landlord, cheerfully agreed, and I felt that at least we should be able to take our poor friend to his long home with the knowledge that his debt to the world, as well as his debt to Nature, had been paid.

"We separated early, agreeing to meet here next day after the inquest and arrange to attend the funeral. As

the lawyer of our circle (I had for many years acted in an honorary capacity as such to the poorer members) I was deputed to attend the inquest and make the necessary arrangements for poor Quatremain's funeral and to see to his affairs.

retired before Quatremain returned at night, so that scarcely one of them ever saw him. He had not paid his rent for many months, and owed him £43. He had been as much in his debt before, but had always paid his rent sooner or later.

"The landlord added that he was



"TOLD ME THAT QUATREMAIN WAS DEAD"

"At the inquest next day, the first witness was the landlord, who identified the deceased as having been his lodger for some years. He only slept at home, and had all his meals out, always coming home late and leaving for the day about nine in the morning. The landlord stated that his business as a greengrocer required him to be at Covent Garden very early, and that he and his family

retired on the night in question about 12.30 a.m. by a policeman, who said he had found the front door open, and coming in had discovered the deceased lying face downwards on the mat at the foot of the stairs, fully dressed and with his hat by his side. He was dead.

"The constable's evidence proved that while on his beat he passed the front door, and finding it open went in and

saw the deceased as described by the last witness. In his opinion, the deceased had come in and had failed to shut the door properly; it had blown open, and while returning to close it he had slipped on the stairs and fallen.

"The doctor who was called in and had made the *post mortem* examination declared that there was no doubt that poor Quatremain had died of heart disease.

"As his lawyer, I was permitted to take possession of his property. Nothing had been found in his pockets beyond a watch and chain, some keys, and a penknife, except a curious purse, which I had never seen in Quatremain's possession, containing five five-pound notes, two sovereigns and some silver. This puzzled me greatly. Why had poor Quatremain, with this money in his pocket, failed to pay his landlord? and where was his correspondence? No man but carries some letters in his pocket. I could make nothing of the mystery, and the necessity for completing immediate arrangements put the matter out of my head. Beyond what I have mentioned and some clothing and trinkets, poor Quatremain had left nothing. All there was did not suffice for his debts and funeral expenses. I realised everything at once and gave instructions to an undertaker, and two days later all his friends, to the number of nearly forty, met outside the little greengrocer's shop, whence the funeral procession started. Amongst those who came to pay their last respects to our poor friend were two or three chorus girls, who, we learnt afterwards, had been more than once befriended by Quatremain in their early struggles to obtain a footing on the stage.

"After a quiet service in the chapel at Kensal Green Cemetery on a bitterly cold, snowy day, a large number of us came back here, and when the financial part of the transaction had been arranged, and we had collected enough to pay the balance of the poor fellow's rent and funeral expenses, we drank in solemn silence to his memory.

"For months afterwards, I think, the Ceresole was never quite the same place, and indeed, it never has been to me. In our most lively moments one of our number, by simply recalling the memory of poor Quatremain, would throw us all into melancholy, from which it

would take us sometimes hours to recover.

"Some three or four months later I had sent to me by the greengrocer, Quatremain's landlord, a letter from a country town in France, addressed to the poor fellow, making enquiries about a brother of his. I replied that I knew of no such person, and that M. Henri Quatremain himself was dead.

"Three years had passed when business took me to Highgate, where I had arranged to meet a client one afternoon, to look over some property. This kept us a good deal later than I had anticipated, and I found myself stranded somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Nag's Head, Holloway, at a time when all reasonable persons dine. I sought a cheap restaurant in the vicinity, and contented myself with such fare as I could get. This restaurant was also kept by an Italian, and after dinner I called for coffee, and sat for some time ruminating, as my custom is, and wondering what fortuitous concourse of circumstances had brought this inhabitant of a southern clime to set up an eating-house in a remote northern London suburb. This led me to think of the Ceresole, and, with a sigh of regret, I recalled my old friend Quatremain.

"At last I rose to leave, and as the door of the restaurant closed behind me I was for the moment paralysed to see, walking towards me past the restaurant, the very man whose image had been in my mind a few moments before, and whose funeral I had attended three years ago. He was about five yards from me, passing along the pavement, with his head sunk on his chest. I thought at first I must be mistaken: that it was purely an effect of the imagination. I fixed upon the passing figure a scrutinising gaze. Yes! his face, his moustache, his appearance—his very walk: I could not be mistaken! For the moment I seemed powerless to move, and the man, or spirit, had passed me before I summoned up courage to follow. My breath came and went in short gasps; my mind was in a whirl. This suspense must somehow be ended without delay, and my doubts set at rest.

"Hurrying up, I placed my hand on the figure's shoulder, and said: 'Henri Quatremain, can this be you?'

"He turned upon me a startled and

pathetic look, as of a hunted creature, and for a moment we both stood silent, staring at one another. I was sure now.

"'Quatremain, what in Heaven's name does this mean? Tell me,' I said, in a hoarse voice, as I began to feel myself almost in the grasp of the supernatural. 'What does it mean?'

"'Yes, it is, Mr. Smurthwaite; but, for God's sake, don't tell my friends. Walk with me down this street, and I will explain.'

"But the shock of this sudden disclosure had been too much for both of us. I felt that I could hardly walk, and Quatremain, too, seemed to stagger as



"WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME DOES THIS MEAN?"

"He made two or three endeavours to speak, but his dry throat and lips seemed to deprive him of the power of speech. Twisting his head from side to side, he put his hand in his collar, which seemed almost tight enough to choke him, dragged it open, and said, in a curious, far-away voice, but with the old familiar stammer:

he strode along. The Nag's Head was close by, and, putting my arm in his, hardly conscious of what I was doing, we sought the private bar. I ordered whisky for both, and we drank it at a gulp, and for some moments sat in silence.

"'Tell me,' at last I said, 'tell me in your own way and in your own time, Quatremain; but, whatever you tell me,

rest assured that I will be your friend, and, provided no crime has been committed, I will keep your secret.'

"No crime!" he said, hurriedly, 'no crime! On my oath, that is true, so help me God!'

"Upon this he broke down completely and sobbed for some seconds, while I sat lost in a maze of bewildered thoughts. What could it all mean? Was this a dream or reality?

"Oh!" he began, 'Mr. Smurthwaite, you don't know what a hell upon earth I have been living in since three years—since that awful night. I have looked forward to and dreaded such an *exposé* as this every day since then, and now I must go again and hide myself where no one shall find me! But how to live? that is the question!' Clutching me by the arm, he gasped, 'But you will not expose me?'

"Pull yourself together, Quatremain," I said, 'and tell me the whole story from the beginning, and you may depend upon it, if I can help you in any way, I will.'

"Sending for another glass of whisky to brace his nerves, and one for myself, I endeavoured to soothe him and to check the deep sobs which were shaking the poor fellow's frame, and at last got him into a somewhat quieter state.

"You remember," he began, 'that night I saw you at the Ceresole? That night my brother was coming to England.'

"Your brother!" I said. 'I didn't know you had one.' And then I suddenly remembered the letter from France I had opened, and added, 'Yes, I know now.'

"Well," he said, 'I had a brother. I met him at the station that night, and we dined at the Café de l'Europe. He was, like myself, a bachelor.'

"Was?" I said. 'Is he not living now?' I added, as a new light dawned on me.

"Ah, no, that is the dreadful part," he said. 'He had plenty of money; in fact, he was, for a Frenchman, rich. We had a very good dinner and several bottles of wine, and we afterwards went to a place of amusement. I think I must have had a little too much wine; at any rate, I took him home to my lodgings about half-past twelve. We went upstairs to my sitting-room, and I insisted on broaching another bottle, which I had in a cupboard underneath the stairs. It was one of a dozen of rare wine which I had had for a long time, and I wished to open it

in my brother's honour, as he had been very good to me, and had only that night given me enough money to pay all the arrears of my rent, and about fifty pounds to go on with. (I ought to tell you that it was he who had kept me supplied with money for many years.) My brother, however, thinking, I suppose, that I was quite excited enough already, begged me not to go downstairs, and put on his hat to leave and go to an hotel, where he intended to stay the night. I, however, was insistent, and at the top of the stairs I endeavoured to prevent him going, while he got me by the lapel of my coat to prevent me going downstairs for the wine.

"At this moment I stumbled and wrenched my coat out of my brother's hand. He, in trying to catch it again, also stumbled, and, all this happening at the top of the stairs, his foot slipped over the edge, and he fell backwards, turning round as he fell. It was a short flight of steps, and in a second I saw my brother lying on his face on the mat, with his hands spread out in front of him, and his feet on the last two steps of the staircase.

"The house was in darkness, except for the passage gas, as my landlord and his family, having to be up early in the morning to attend to their business, always went to bed long before I got home. I was sobered in an instant, and ran down the stairs and tried to raise my brother. I made three or four struggles to do so, but failed, and by the dim light of the half-lit gas in the passage I could see that he was dead. From his pocket a packet of letters had slipped.

"Without stopping to think for one moment, I picked up the letters, rushed to the front door, and without waiting to close it after me ran down the street to the nearest doctor's. Arriving there, I rang the bell violently and a voice called down a tube that the doctor was out. I did not know where to seek another, and hurried back to the house, intending to rouse the landlord. Judge of my astonishment when I saw a knot of three or four persons at the front door, peering in, and at the end of the passage upon which the front door gave, a policeman and the landlord raising my brother from the ground. Like a flash the thought ran through my mind that I should be at once arrested for his murder, and not knowing what I did, but merely



"RAISING MY BROTHER"

with the desire to escape from the house and its terrible associations, I started off like a hunted criminal, running as hard as I could till I was breathless and had to walk. I walked and walked all that night. I knew not where I was going; I had no idea of any place to go to; I simply went on and on, while my brain throbbed and a succession of terrible thoughts chased one another through my mind. You will ask me why I did this. Ah, God! what would I give to recall my action, but never can I do so. Mad—mad—that I was!

"I found myself next morning about four o'clock in this neighbourhood, and went to an open stall and had some coffee. I then walked out beyond Highgate into the fields and remained there the greater part of the day, a prey to torturing thoughts; starting every hour to go back and explain all, but, coward that I was, hesitating for fear of the consequences. I ventured, when it was dark, back to Highgate, where I sneaked into a restaurant and had a meal. There I picked up a copy of an evening paper, and was overwhelmed to see that I was supposed to be the person who had been found dead. In truth, my brother and I were very similar in appearance, and although you could have told the difference had you seen us together, apart it was not easy. I watched the papers eagerly for the next two or three days, and saw that an inquest had been held and that the body had been identified as mine. No one seemed to know about my brother's arrival in England, or indeed, of his existence. His portmanteau had been left at an hotel without any name.

"Reproaching myself for my cowardice and feeling brave only when it was too late, I constantly made up my mind to return and tell the truth, and as often faltered in my resolution, feeling, after my shameful flight, that the suspicion of my guilt would be overwhelming. I had in my pocket the very money my poor brother had given me, but I felt that that

could not last long. I dared not go amongst my old acquaintances; I knew no town but London; and so I determined to remain where I was, and, if possible, start a new life. Changing my name, I advertised in a local paper here



"BURYING HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS"

offering to give lessons in French, and by that means I have kept myself alive hitherto, but I feel a curse is on me, and I cannot support my trouble much longer.'

"Burying his face in his hands, the poor fellow sobbed as if his heart would break, and, thinking it were best for him to obtain relief for his overwrought nerves thus, I made no effort to restrain him. I had a lump in my own throat.

"There is little more to tell. My friend is still alive, but not where he was. I see him regularly and he wants for nothing, but he won't live long."

"That is certainly a strange story," I said. "But what about the brother's property?"

"You want to know everything," muttered Mr. Smurthwaite. "Some distant relatives, I found from private enquiry subsequently, on the assumption of the death of both brothers, divided the property."

Mr. Smurthwaite gave me leave to publish this story some years ago.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION
THE SALISBURY FAMILY



WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURLEY



THE FIRST EARL



THE SECOND EARL



THE THIRD EARL



THE FIFTH EARL



THE SIXTH EARL AND HIS WIFE



THE SEVENTH EARL AND FIRST MARQUIS



THE SECOND MARQUIS



WIFE OF THE SECOND MARQUIS



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

DRAWN BY F. M. TOWNSEND ENGRAVED BY M. R. WOODBURN



THE MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRNE, RICHMOND



SCYTHE SONG.

Mowers, weary and brown, and blithe,
 What is the word methinks ye know,
 Endless over-word that the Scythe
 Sings to the blades of the grass below?
 Scythes that swing in the grass and
 clover,
 Something, still, they sing as they
 pass;
 What is the word that, over and over,
 Sings the Scythe to the flowers and
 grass?

Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep,
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush—'tis the lullaby Time is sing-
 ing—
Hush, and heed not, for all things
pass,
Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are
 swinging
 Over the clover, over the grass!

ANDREW LANG.

THE "Scythe Song" is quoted by permission of Mr. Andrew Lang from his *Grass of Parnassus* (Longmans); and Mr. Lang desires it to be known that the "Hush" idea was originally Mrs. Marriot Watson's, and that he wrote the lines to accompany some of hers in a magazine.



WRITTEN BY RALPH DERECHEFF ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG



LOSE on fifteen years ago there was a young artist in Paris whose studio was the nightly meeting-place of poets and of painters whose wares rarely sold. The gatherings were ever noisy and often uproarious, for their frequenters were as rich in high spirits as they were destitute of coin; yet the members of this band were something more than the merriest wags imaginable. They were ready for the wildest escapades, and devoted to the discovery of unheard-of refinements in the art of practical joking; but they were passionate lovers of art in every shape, be it cunningly-wrought verse, deft, vigorous prose, fine melody, or the triumphs of line and colour. In the circumstances, it was the most natural thing in the world that the poets and song-writers of the company should take to declaiming their compositions. And the company listened to much that was worth the hearing, for it comprised a host of men whose talent has since been applauded by a far wider audience. For instance, it included in these earliest days Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, who has long been the guiding star of the younger generation of French writers; Henri

Lavedan, now one of the most successful of Parisian playwrights; Jean Moréas, who in a recent *plébiscite* came near to being invested by his brother poets with the honours left vacant by the death of Paul Verlaine; Mac Nab, who died too soon, but not before he had shown himself a song-writer of the strangest originality; Rollinat, Haraucourt, Métémér, and Jules Jouy, whose bitterly satirical songs, published at the rate of one a day during the height of the Boulangist movement, contributed not a little to the discomfiture of the General. Among the artists regularly present were Caran d'Ache, Steinlen, Willette, Grasset, Signac, and Pille.

The man who had gathered about him these good Bohemians, and others too numerous to mention, was Rudolphe Salis, a being apart, imbued with the genius of boon companionship. Salis was the life and soul of the eclectic gatherings that were held in the low-ceilinged room on the ground floor of a house on the Boulevard Rochechouart that served him as studio. It might be said of him that he is a born master of ceremonies, were it possible to employ the word "ceremony" in connection with anything so utterly unceremonious as the functions over which he presides. By force of talents difficult to define and unimaginable by those who have not seen him at work, he keeps his company

in hand, he winds it up with his incomparable knack of stimulating the *verve* of those around him, and putting them on the best of terms with themselves and everyone else. But the triumph of Salis is his speeches. He is a mighty master of "patter"—of that description of eloquence that bears the same relation to oratory that doggrel does to poetry. Need it be said that doggrel on occasions may be exceedingly clever? With patter it is the same, and Salis is the Demosthenes of patterers. He will talk his audience into unextinguishable laughter, or leave it in amused bewilderment; he will entertain it, fascinate it, and, for a change, dumbfound it. Had he lived some centuries back, Salis would have won prodigious fame as a court jester. As it is, he has conquered celebrity as the founder of the "Chat Noir."

The "Chat Noir" was the first, and has remained indisputably the best of the Parisian artistic taverns. Salis had observed that the guests who turned night into day in his studio were afflicted with a thirst it was possible to quench only by the inconvenient expedient of fetching cans of beer from a neighbouring establishment whose proprietor held retrograde ideas as to what was a reasonable hour for closing. It occurred to him that were he to go into the trade himself, he would save his friends an infinity of trouble, and possibly put money in his own pocket. The idea was carried out, and Salis became the *gentil-homme cabaretier*, the gentleman tavern-keeper, of Montmartre. To begin with, Salis accepted merely his friends and his friends' friends as customers, his tavern at this period being a sort of proprietary club. But its fame spread, for the idea to which it owed its birth was a good one, and the institution was destined to "catch on." Before long the right of admission was extended to the general public, and the enterprise was fairly launched.

Many considerations contributed to the success of the "Chat Noir." Chief among them was the excellence of its entertainment. Rudolphe Salis may be said, with a good deal of accuracy, to have created an ideal music-hall. He accomplished this feat at just the right moment; at a time when the music-hall was growing in public favour and was ripe for intelligent modifications. Much has been written of late of the popular

features which make the music-hall a successful rival of the theatre. The subject need not be enlarged on here, but a word must be said with regard to the programme provided. The programme at the old-fashioned café concerts was beneath contempt, from the intellectual standpoint. That of the modern Parisian music-hall shows some improvement—the result of the influence of the artistic *cabaret*. Still, even to-day, the variety stage, as a whole, rests content with a standard of quality which cannot claim to be treated seriously from an artistic point of view. Salis took an entirely different tack. His audience underwent a change, but his programme remained what it was from the first. He continued to appeal to the intelligence of his public, and was rewarded by finding an immense public to appreciate his efforts. He tabooed silliness and commonplace vulgarity, and offered instead an entertainment whose hall-mark was striking originality and genuine artistic merit.

It is difficult in a short space to bring vividly home to the British reader the essential nature of the performances at the "Chat Noir." Such general terms as "originality" and "genuine artistic merit" fail to carry conviction. Unfortunately, too, recourse cannot be had to comparison, as no institution at all parallel exists outside France. Probably indeed, it would be impossible to recruit the men whose talent has brought fame to the "Chat Noir" anywhere else than at Montmartre, an unique land where poets congregate and painters abound—the last refuge of the Bohemian. What have these men done? They have taken the song, have refashioned it, have used it with inimitable success as a mode of literary expression, as the vehicle of curious thought, rare emotions, lively fancy, and acute observation. They have taken that thing of horror, the recitation, have infused it with a new life, and, raising it from its penny reading rank, have justified its production before critical company. They have imagined new moulds for their plays, they have turned the art of pantomime to unprecedented account, and, improving the primitive resources of shadowgraphy, have made it the medium of astounding effects. It may be mentioned incidentally that it was a shadow drama, the *Épopée* by Caran d'Ache, represented according to the methods perfected by



AT THE CHAT NOIR

Henri Rivière, that first drew the general public in crowds to the "Chat Noir," and to this same *Épopée* must be attributed in a considerable measure that remarkable revival of interest in the Napoleonic era that has been noticeable in France during the past ten years.

Salis, however, has more than one string to his bow. He was as great an adept in whetting the curiosity of his fellow Parisians as in satisfying it when once aroused. A lover of all the arts, he was skilled in that of advertisement, a sphere wherein many of his feats have remained famous. Thus, when moving from his original premises to those now occupied by the "Chat Noir" in the Rue Victor Massé, he turned the occasion to excellent account. A procession was formed, at the head of which marched his two messengers in knee-breeches. They were followed by the beadle upholding the banner of the "Chat Noir," a black cat on a ground of gold, and wearing as livery a magnificent costume that had been made for an ambassador but never used. Salis and his secretary walked next, dressed as a Prefect and Sub-Prefect, a costume which enabled them to impose upon the bewildered policemen they encountered. The rear was brought up by a band and by the waiters of the "Chat Noir," accoutred as French Academicians. For several years Salis clothed his waiters in this way, his practice being to buy the costumes of dead Immortals. The Academy, however, did not relish this not very respectful proceeding and took measures to prevent their official garments falling into Salis' hands. He was obliged, in consequence, to attire his waiters differently, the cost of new costumes being too great, and they now wear a modification of ordinary evening dress, of which knee-breeches is the distinguishing feature.

Salis has had a host of imitators. Montmartre to-day is dotted with an endless number of establishments run on lines more or less akin to those which have made the success of the "Chat Noir." Indeed, the entire aspect of the quarter has been modified, and from a dull, if not particularly respectable district, it has become a centre of amusement. To confess the truth, the majority of the so-called artistic taverns of Montmartre somewhat belie their name. Eccentric taverns would be a

more accurate description, the "art" wherewith their frequenters are regaled being often of a spurious, not to say questionable description. In most cases the only feature they have in common with the parent establishment is the "free and easy" nature of the entertainment they offer. Still, a few partial exceptions must be made. Some of the best traditions of the "Chat Noir" were in force for a time at the "Carillon," but the house in the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne has now fallen upon evil days, and the performance there is of slight merit. Quite recently there has been a notable addition to the list in the shape of the Tréteau de Tabarin, in the Rue Pigalle. The entertainment here makes considerable pretensions to artistic quality, and in a great measure fulfils its promise. Another show of comparatively recent date is the "Chien Noir." It is given at a distance from the classic ground of Montmartre, in a hall in the building occupied by the Nouveau Cirque. The programme contains nothing but songs and recitations, but the performers are all artists of talent, the best of them men who made their name at the "Chat Noir." They are well assorted, too; no two of them alike. In the company are Victor Meusy, who has a method all his own of giving the daintiest sketches of Parisian life in delicately satirical verse, and Jacques Ferny, who is perhaps unequalled as a writer of bitterly sarcastic political songs, which he delivers with inimitably comic gravity.

To return to Montmartre, on the Boulevard de Clichy, but a stone's throw from the Moulin Rouge, is the Quat'z'Arts—at the sign of the Four Arts. The premises were previously the home in succession of the Tambourin and La Butte—concerts that made some little noise in their day, but whose existence was brief. The Quat'z'Arts, on the contrary, is a success that has every appearance of being lasting. Apart from its entertainment, it is worth a visit on account of its pictures. Our illustrations show one of them, an uncommonly spirited drawing of clowns by Favrot. Others are by Roedel, Grün, and other well-known artists. On the first floor is an exhibition of artistic advertisement posters, and the painted glass front of the establishment is an admirable piece of work by Abel Truchet. It should be

Quat'z'Arts

Yon Lug

marcel Legay



"L'artiste"

dehan Rictus
CHAT NOIR

James G. G. G.

mentioned here that several *cabarets* boast artistic treasures of real value. This is notably the case with the "Chat Noir," whose walls are hung with a number of fine pictures, most of them by Willette, to whom, too, is due the painted glass window, a veritable masterpiece of design, and especially of colouring. The huge lanterns, over six feet high, outside the "Chat Noir" were designed by Grasset, who is also responsible for the sculptured chimney-piece, and the shadow theatre on the first floor. But the most varied gallery is that of the Ane Rouge, where "mine host" is Gabriel Salis. Every inch of available wall space in this long narrow *cabaret*, which is more like a passage than a room, is taken up by paintings, drawings, and engravings, the majority of them of great interest. This tavern, which fronts the Avenue Trudaine, is more particularly frequented by artists, and its gallery is composed of the works of its habitués: of Steinlen, Willette, Roedel, Rivière, Somme, Lund, and many others whose fame, perhaps, has hardly extended beyond Montmartre.

The evening entertainment is unpretentious, but genial, a special feature being the frequent presence of budding poets, who recite their verses, always to their own satisfaction, and not seldom to that of their audience. On the other hand, at the Quat'z'Arts—whence we



AT BRUANT'S

have digressed—the programme justifies a higher scale of payment than at the Ane Rouge. Even as it is, the expenditure required of the visitor, a franc, is not fantastic, as for the sum he receives a “bock”—a glass of beer—and listens to half-a-dozen artists, of whom the best are exceedingly good. For instance, there is Marcel Legay, who with a fine voice, and a contagious enthusiasm, renders songs of his own composing, conceived in a curiously original vein. His costume, which is shown in an illustration, is as uncommon as his trend of thought, and excites attention even in Montmartre, where strange garbs are rather generally adopted. Marcel Legay was led to attire himself as he does in consequence of the unexampled facility with which he used to lose his overcoats. He would enter a café, hang his coat on a peg, and on leaving forget it. After much reflection he decided to have recourse to a garment which would serve him both as coat and overcoat. He is as pleased with his invention as he is picturesque. Quite recently a very remarkable poet, Jehan Rictus, as he

elects to be called, has made his reputation at the Quat'z'Arts, where are also to be heard, Yon Lug, the most inveterate Bohemian known to the Butte and Secot, who of an evening pokes fun at the Government in satirical verse, and by day is employed in a Government office.

Further eastward on the Boulevard de Clichy, is Les Eléphants, one of the most sober going of the artistic taverns, and the haunt, at any rate on Sundays, of persons of the most unimpeachable *bourgeois* respectability. Still farther on in the old premises of the Chat Noir on the Boulevard Rochechouart is the Mirliton, where the *genius loci* is the “one and only” Aristide Bruant. Bruant is what is termed on the boulevard a “Parisian personage.” His songs, his costume, and his *cabaret* are equally celebrated; and if he does not figure on the official programme of Cook's excursions, a number of Cook's tourists must have found him out. It was to singing Bruant's songs that Yvette Guilbert owed not a little the making of her reputation. As for his costume, it includes a slouch hat with a brim of colossal dimensions,

a flaming red flannel shirt, an ample scarf of the same colour, some two metres in length, and arranged so as to let the ends dangle down his back; great jack boots, corduroy trousers of portentous bulginess, and a brigand's cloak. His *cabaret* is the reverse of a quietly-conducted establishment. When you enter, after being closely scrutinised through a grated peephole in the door, you are saluted by the company present with a chorus alluding in unflattering terms to your personal appearance. Bruant sings his songs pacing up and down his apartment like a sentinel on duty. In between his effusions he seizes any and every pretext to regale his visitors with sallies couched in terms it would be a euphemism to call impolite, but whose beauty is likely to be lost on the average Britisher who has not mastered the slang dictionary. The attraction exercised by Bruant is on the wane; but the best of his songs are sterling work, and in the fulness of time he may find another outlet for his undeniable talent.

Of the taverns better described as eccentric than artistic, the most notorious

was long the Cabaret des Concierges, at the top of the Rue Pegalle. It was kept by Citizen Lisbonne, a Communist of renown and a man of an ingenious imagination. Early in the present year the establishment disappeared; but another of a very similar character has been opened on the same premises by a "pupil" of Bruant, while Lisbonne himself has migrated to a house in the neighbouring Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, where he has opened the Jockey Club de Montmartre. Of these and a few other *cabarets* of the same stamp, it is impossible to say much good, and, were one so minded, one might say a good deal of evil. It will be best to rest content with having alluded to them, and to dismiss them with the remark that the "artists" who bring them vogue make no effort whatever to be funny without being vulgar.

This brief survey of the artistic taverns of Paris does not claim to be exhaustive. Only the more important even of the establishments of Montmartre have been mentioned, and there are several in other parts of the capital, and notably in the Latin Quarter, that would deserve notice did space permit.



Mr. Eden Phillpotts.

THE critic is frequently absurd, but never was any of his tribe more flagrantly astray than he who said of *Down Dartmoor Way* that its author had taken unto himself the style that is called French, and begun to write about unpleasant subjects for the mere sake of their unpleasantness. Mr. Eden Phillpotts was first known to fame as a humourist: that is to say, a writer of light fantastic tales that usually had and pretended to have no remarkable nearness to the common life of the world. The artist may, if he so choose, devote himself to the production of fairytales like *Sweet Lavender*, and yet be no less an artist than if his works were all serious dramas centring round some one or other of the complex problems of life, and this right of choice Mr. Phillpotts exercised for a time. The success of the tales he then produced is known of all men, nor need it here be dwelt upon. It remains to be noted, however, that they contained what may be deemed, after the event, an indication of the altogether different work that was to follow. In *Folly and Fresh Air*, and in most of the other books, you could not fail to be struck by his love and his minute knowledge of the external aspects of nature. Whether he was writing of the West Indies or of his beloved West Country, he was always interested in the birds, and beasts, the flowers, and trees, and rivers that met the eye, and he described them with that enthusiasm which is one of the gifts needed by the man who would fain translate into words effects of colour, of fragrance, of sound. He was interested, also, in human nature, but he was attracted rather by those more or less external peculiarities which go to the making of what is called a character part, than by the two or three important facts which make the men of all ages and all countries brethren, and give us kinship with the heroes—and the cravens—of the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, and the *Morte D'Arthur*.

Presently, however, as *Down Dartmoor Way* testifies, he became more concerned with these things, and, though it would beat the Powers of Darkness to shake his habitual optimism, he became

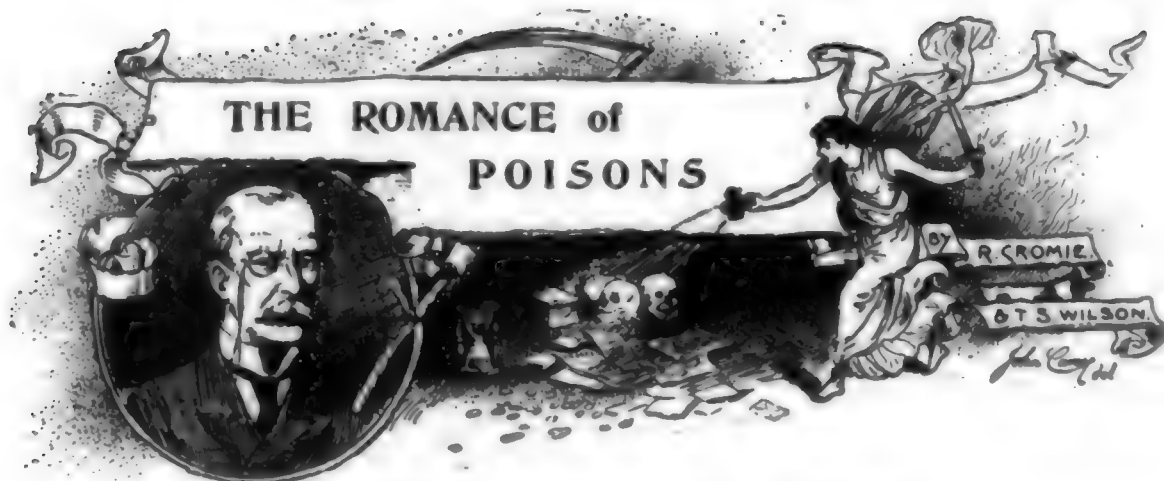
aware of the fact that—as Mr. Yeats puts it in his song of the stolen child—“The world’s more full of weeping than you can understand.” There are certain great passions—love, hate, greed, devotion—and, human nature being what it is, the man who would write stories wherein these passions are allowed to have play must sometimes present situations the possibility of whose occurrence is bound to cause annoyance to all who expect the speedy arrival of the race at the Point of Perfection. Again, if you consider the one passion of love, and hate, its opposite, the daily newspaper will prove to you that the stories which have stuff enough in them to be capable of another rendering are not those in which all goes as it will go when the earth is become a fairy-land. It is for this reason that some of the tales in the latest volume by Mr. Phillpotts deal with the actions of people who assuredly did things gravely to be lamented. But Mr. Phillpotts is a hopeless optimist, and, knowing that all things are possible to God’s creatures, he perceives that the display of an evil quality may be but the prelude to a demonstration of the highest virtues. Thus it is that *Two Primitive Maids*, a tale that Mr. Hardy would have made the grimmiest of tragedies, ends—and that quite rightly—on a scene of reconciliation and love restored; while the whole book, whose components are for the most part essentially tragic in essence, is as heartening as reading need be.

What will come in the future it hardly concerns us to wonder, though the change—or growth—which this book demonstrates can hardly be a passing one. Nor is it easy to speak of the personality of him whose portrait is given you on the opposite page. To do so from the only safe standpoint—that of complete ignorance—were an impertinence. To do it from the point of view of an acquaintance is openly to proclaim yourself the man’s friend, and so to divest yourself of all claims to that judicial impartiality which alone is likely to impress. And so the end of these lines must of necessity be an enormous omission.



MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON

THE SMART LANE CASE.

GEOFFREY NEWTON, managing director of the firm of Newton, Langley, and Brown, stockbrokers and financial agents, was sitting in his private office in Smart Lane, and reading for the third time a cablegram from Johannesburg. The message consisted of two words: "Buy blankets." Newton did not require blankets just then for his household, and when he wanted them for public purposes (as he did once a year, shortly before Christmas, for distribution among the deserving poor in the borough he meant to represent in Parliament, and a few paragraphs in the local papers), he bought them wholesale from a London firm, without the expense of a cablegram from Johannesburg or elsewhere. Mr. Newton slowly folded up the telegram, and put it in his pocket. Then he touched the button of his electric bell, and his managing clerk, William Grant, opened the door of the private office.

"What are Hammerstein Gold Mines this morning, Mr. Grant?"

"Two and five-eighths premium, and going up."

"How many do we hold?"

"Five thousand debentures, five thousand preference, and ten thousand ordinary," the managing clerk answered.

"Sell thirty thousand ordinary to-day and to-morrow, cautiously, and work off the debenture and preference."

"But, sir, Hammersteins are going up. They are the best thing in the market," Grant was beginning in a deprecating voice, when Mr. Newton interrupted:

"Do as I direct."

On that the managing clerk bowed and withdrew without another word. When he got to his desk he reflected that if his chief—a man of blood and iron in the financial world—chose to sell Hammersteins in a rising market, there must be some good reason for selling that particular stock. So he sold a thousand on his own account, in addition to what he had been instructed to sell for his firm. And as he had been instructed to act cautiously, he began his "operation" by advising a fellow-clerk, Stephen Moore, with whom he was on friendly terms, to buy largely—commencing with, say, a thousand. Moore did buy to that extent. Grant was thus proceeding cautiously.

Before these friends left the office in the evening, Grant noticed that Moore took from his desk a canvas bag which jingled suggestively in the handling.

"Hallo! Moore. Been robbing a bank?" he asked jocularly.

"Oh, no; only cashing a cheque. A friend of mine, an engineer, who is going to South Africa, sent it to me by post to meet him with the cash at Charing Cross. He sails to-morrow by the *Norham Castle*," Moore answered.

"I don't mind if I go with you to the station," Grant volunteered.

"I shall be very glad if you will," Moore returned. "It is a consummate nuisance, this business of seeing off a friend, when one is alone. It is a sort of funeral party with one chief mourner, and I have a strong objection to the part. See me through it!"

"With pleasure."

On their way to Charing Cross, Grant asked casually:

"Why is your friend going out? Most fellows of the age you tell me he is only leave this benighted country when it gets too hot to hold them. What's your friend's besetting sin?"

stock, or a bet on a cargo, is intrinsically more shady than a bet on a horse, or that a fortune made on 'Change' is less respectable than a fortune made on the turf. Quite the contrary. But from an ethical point of view we are simply nowhere." Moore was now well started



"TOOK FROM HIS DESK A CANVAS BAG"

"Betting."

"Ah! that's serious—I mean shady."

"It is," said Moore, "quite as shady as our own job."

"I beg your pardon?" Grant interjected.

"I said 'as shady as our own job,'" Moore reiterated. "But I was not quite correct. It is not as shady as our scheme. I do not mean that a bet on a

on the subject he had made a hobby.

"Some horse races are fairly run, and in most there are so many animals going that any accident may happen. Any horse may be compelled to win even if he was not 'meant.' In our deals you know there are only two horses—the rise and the fall—and we don't bet until we know the other horse is poisoned. Isn't that so?"

"I don't like your way of putting it."

"I don't myself, but I don't see how my way of putting it alters the case. My facts are indisputable." Moore was always strong in his "facts."

Grant's face darkened for a moment. Then his temper seemed to pass away. He stopped as they were passing a café, and said; "Let's have a cup of coffee. I am thirsty." Moore agreed, as there was still plenty of time to meet the train.

"I saw you at the Royal last night with Miss Van Alstyne and her mother. You seem to be going strong in that quarter."

"It isn't going very strong to bring a girl to whom I am engaged—accompanied by her mother—to a theatre for an evening." Moore answered slowly and with a deliberation which was evidently intentional.

"Engaged? You engaged to Miss Van Alstyne?"

"Certainly! Why not?"

"Why not?" Grant muttered, with the ugly dark shadow again on his face. "Wish you joy."

"Thank you. You were always a good fellow." Moore said this with a perceptible effort after cordiality, for Grant's manner was rather chilling in spite of his friendly congratulation. But the managing clerk recovered his good humour in a moment, and he ordered two more cups of coffee in a bantering way, declaring that if he could not drink to the future Mrs. Moore in champagne he would pledge her in the only liquor available. Moore was flattered by the professed good-will, and then Grant, who in his own way talked well, began an animated conversation. He joked about everything; the "man in the street," the state of the market—shop will always come in sooner or later where shopmen converse—politics, the weather, and so on. Moore's coffee was cold before he thought of it. Grant drew his attention to it. He drank the coffee off, and they parted with expressions of mutual esteem. Moore immediately called a hansom and told the man to drive to Charing Cross.

Next morning, Stephen Moore did not put in an appearance at the office in Smart Lane. His friend Mortimer, the engineer, called. Mortimer was agitated, and spoke in some excitement. The managing clerk, Mr. Grant, was promptly informed of the visit—excited strangers

were no novelty in the office of Newton, Langley, and Brown—and directed that the gentleman should be shown into Mr. Newton's room, which the junior clerks had nicknamed "Bedlam." Mr. Newton listened to the engineer's story with a show of sympathy, but with the air of a man who was determined not to "give the firm away," or any of its officials.

"It is very strange," Mr. Newton said, cautiously; "Mr. Moore left this office yesterday in his usual health and at the usual hour. I understand that he took with him a bag of gold containing three hundred sovereigns, which he said he was to hand over to you at Charing Cross. Mr. Grant, my managing clerk, walked part of the way with him, and when they separated Moore had plenty of time to meet your train."

"I can't understand it," Mortimer interrupted.

"You do not, of course, suspect him of having absconded." There was a blunt directness in this which embarrassed Mortimer.

"Not at all. It is the last thing in the world I would suspect Stephen Moore of doing. Perhaps you would give me his address, and——"

"I have already sent to his address. My messenger will be back in half-an-hour."

"If you do not mind giving me his address, I will go there myself," Mortimer said, with some asperity.

"Certainly; I do not mind." Mr. Newton rang, and when the bell was answered, he dismissed Mortimer with a stiff bow, saying: "This gentleman will attend to you."

When Mortimer and Grant, who volunteered to accompany him, arrived at No. 4, Mornington Crescent, where Moore had rooms, they learned that the lodger had not been home on the previous night. "And he's never before been a night out of the house since he came to live here. Most regular in his hours is Mr. Moore, I will say that for him." This was the landlady's evidence.

"What do you think of it now?" Grant asked, when Mortimer and he were again in the street.

"It's very strange."

"It's very suspicious."

Mortimer looked at Grant, and said coldly:

"It is rather mysterious, but I don't yet admit that it is suspicious in the



John H. Brown

"YOUR COFFEE IS COLD"

sense you appear to mean. It will likely cause me to miss my ship."

"Are you going alone?" Grant asked, with a sneer.

"Yes, I am going alone."

"I shouldn't, if I were you. It's a bit of a risk. A man with your unbounded confidence in human nature is likely to get into trouble—by himself."

Mortimer looked suddenly in the speaker's face. Grant returned the stare

with composure. The engineer thereupon turned on his heel without a word, and left the managing clerk standing on the street.

The *Norham Castle* sailed without one of its intended passengers. Mortimer had to sell some stock which the ravages of the turf had still left to him, in order to raise the funds necessary for the voyage. This took time. While he was waiting for the next vessel, he tried to

discover his friend Moore, but failed. It was fortunate, however, that in the meantime Moore had discovered himself. He accomplished this about noon on the day after he had lost himself. To be exact, at a quarter to twelve o'clock on that morning Stephen Moore awoke from a deep sleep and did so with a nervous start which nearly threw him out of a strange bed in a room which he had never seen before. He sat up in the bed and, as his dazed senses came slowly into action, he recognised in stupid bewilderment that he had gone to bed in his clothes. This, being something of a Philistine, he regarded as disreputable, and he wondered feebly how he had come to act with so much freedom from conventionality. After a minute or two he noticed his overcoat neatly folded on a chair. And he had taken off his hat! This gave him some consolation. He was not then altogether qualified for the New Revolt. Civilisation still held him, albeit with the last links of a long chain.

Moore arose from the bed and moved cautiously towards the chair on which his overcoat was placed, for his head was throbbing fiercely, and the room was swaying with a motion more trying than that of a ship at sea to a bad sailor. The chair eluded him smartly several times. It dived under his arm and came up on the other side with the agility of a prize fighter. At last he caught it, and shaking out the folds of the overcoat he plunged his hand into the left side pocket where he had carried the bag of gold. The pocket was empty.

The man threw himself back on the bed and tried to think—to concentrate all his mental power on the effort. The result was not satisfactory. All he could remember was getting into a cab and telling the driver to take him to Charing Cross. Soon after, the long parallel lines of lamps, he remembered, began to form themselves into the sides of a brilliant triangle, the apex of which seemed miles away. Then the buildings on either hand leant over toward each other, then fell upon him—he could remember no more. Some one knocked at the bedroom door. A slovenly waiter entered.

"Where am I?" Moore asked weakly.

"Abercorn, York Road, sir."

"When and how did I come here?"

"As to the when sir, last night, ten o'clock. As to the 'ow sir! 'Scuse me.

'Ope you're all right sir. Slept it hoff?"

"Bring the proprietor," Moore said as sharply as his low state enabled him. When the owner of the house came, Moore explained briefly that he had been robbed of £300 and asked for a policeman.

"You were not robbed of your £300 here, that's certain," the hotel-keeper replied with heat. "And as for sending for a policeman, if I had seen you last night in the condition I am told you were brought in I would have sent you to the police station."

"Beg pardon, sir, the cabby who brought the gentleman 'ere is down stairs. Wants 'is fare sir." This was delivered apologetically from the corridor by the shabby waiter.

The cabman was brought up and his story was straightforward and apparently truthful. He had driven to Charing Cross as directed. Arrived there his fare refused to alight and said "Paddington." Fare would not get out there either. Drove to several other railway stations and, finally, not wishing to see a man who was evidently a gentlemen "getting the horfice" he drove him to the Abercorn, where the shabby William and he did a little business in this line unknown to the proprietor. That was all the cabman could tell, so Moore, who had found the contents of his purse untouched, took his number and paid him liberally. It was three days before Stephen Moore was strong enough to leave the Abercorn, and when on the morning of the third day he got to the office in Smart Lane he found that the march of events had left him very far behind in his absence.

Mr. Newton was out, and the managing clerk received the delinquent with an air of frigid courtesy, which was not reassuring. Moore told his story through without a single word of comment from his auditor, and when it was finished Grant said coldly:

"It is probable that the cabby, hearing the jingle of the coin as you got into his cab, chloroformed you. A sponge on the end of a stick thrust through the trap would do the business in a couple of minutes."

"But why then, did he run the risk of turning up to ask for a paltry fare when he had £300? That's a point you overlook."

"It is," Grant answered, deliberately; 'and it is a point I would recommend you to overlook. Don't insist upon it. Can't you see that I am speaking as your friend?'"

"Then it is as my friend that you deliberately suggest, as you have plainly done, that I stole the money."

"I suggest nothing. Good-morning. You will find a letter from the firm at your lodgings. You had better be out of this when Mr. Newton returns."

Moore retired humiliated, almost beaten. Three letters awaited him at his lodgings; one was from the firm of Newton and Co., summarily dismissing him from its employment; the second was from Miss Van Alstyne unconditionally releasing him from his engagement; and the third was from a firm in Smart Lane, in which Mr. Newton's clerks did their private business. The last intimated that Hammersteins had fallen so heavily, the firm would require security if Mr. Moore wished his operation carried over. The dismissed clerk hardly gave a thought to the first and third communications.

He was in misfortune, and it was only natural—at least, it was in keeping with the ethics of the commercial code in which he had spent the best years of his life—that he should be "unloaded" the moment the jettison of his person seemed desirable or profitable. But Miss Van Alstyne's letter was a cruel

blow. The girl on whom he had wasted all the rigid loyalty of an unimaginative nature was really only a spoilt suburban belle, with undeniable physical curves and good flesh tints, but with very little brains and no heart at all.



"CHARING CROSS!"

She liked the man well enough in her way, it is true, but the moment she found that the fulfilment of her liking might mean a sacrifice on her own part, she weighed the object of her affections in her ill-adjusted mental balance and found him wanting. Still, she might have worded her letter a little less brutally.

The letter nearly drove Moore out of his mind, and as his disease was desperate he decided to try a desperate remedy. He wrote a note to Mr. Newton, demanding a private interview with himself and Mr. Grant at the office of the company after business hours on any convenient day they wished to name, provided it were an early one. Hammersteins had fallen seriously since he had bought at Grant's suggestion. He believed that he had been the victim of a plot, but his information as to the plot having gaps in it, he meant to play his game with as much caution as had been hitherto shown by the other side. And as he did not really know why anyone should constitute a side against him he determined to play a waiting game on that point, and a forcing game on another point. The second count in the indictment he prepared amounted to no less than the public exposure of Mr. Geoffrey Newton as a financial swindler on a large scale, and an annual forger of the company's balance sheet. On the second count he felt secure. He had direct evidence in his possession. He would use it, or sell it, as best suited his purpose. This course may not argue a very high ethical standard in Stephen Moore's morality, but it must be remembered in his favour that he was in the last extremity, and that he had gained his civic education in the office of a speculating stockbroker. Having posted his letter to Newton he went to call on Mrs. Van Alstyne and her daughter.

Mrs. Van Alstyne was out, but the young lady consented to receive the visitor, and the visitor was unaffectedly astonished at his reception.

"Edith," he said, very humbly, "you surely did not mean what you said in that cruel note."

"Why not, Mr. Moore?" the girl replied, quietly. It was a very simple remark, but the look in her eyes and the accent on the "Mr." settled everything. It was a great revelation and it brought Moore with a jerk out of the lethargic physical condition in which he had spent three days. He paused for a few moments and when he spoke his voice was strong and determined.

"You believe me guilty of this robbery?" he asked, a little sternly.

"I do not say that. I believe you are accused."

"And if I am innocent?"

"Prove it, by all means."

"Suppose I fail?" The girl shrugged her shoulders and did not answer.

"Suppose, then, I succeed! Suppose further that I prove Newton and his gang to be a pack of swindlers whom I will compel to pay me hush money—especially the ruffian Grant."

"Mr. Grant is no ruffian. Mr. Grant is a gentleman who would not come here as you have done to storm and rave before a defenceless girl. I wish I had listened to him when he warned me."

"Warned you—against me?"

"Yes—against you."

Moore paused for a moment, and then went on in a dry, thin voice which he steadied with difficulty.

"See here—and here—" he pulled a bundle of yellow tissue paper out of his breast pocket, and turning the pages hastily read or reeled off a host of figures which conveyed nothing tangible to the girl but which impressed her vaguely.

"Perhaps you cannot follow me, but if you could you would understand that I hold the largest London swindler and his accomplice in the hollow of my hand, and I am going to crush them unless they pay me to keep quiet."

His manner had now a ruthless strength in it which frightened the woman and partly convinced her. She came close to him in a caressing way. He stood off.

"They will pay you, Stephen," she said, softly. "You are too clever for them after all. My letter to you was not really serious. I only wanted to put you on your mettle. You are so easy going I thought it necessary. I acted for the best. You will beat them and then you will come to me."

"I will. I will throttle them, or be well paid for letting them go free. In either case I will come to you."

"You will?"

"Yes I will—to laugh at you, and to curse you. Good night!"

On his return to his rooms, Moore found an answer to his letter to Newton. It had been sent by a special messenger, and was marked "immediate." Mr. Newton deprecated the tone in which Mr. Moore had seen fit to write; thought he had sufficient influence with the other partners to induce them to withdraw their letter of dismissal which had been decided upon against his, Mr. Newton's, earnest advice, and in face of Mr.

William Grant's strong testimony in Mr. Moore's favour; Mr. Mortimer had again called, and distinctly expressed his confidence in his friend which would certainly have weight with the partners—and so on. The letter concluded by appointing the next evening at six o'clock for the interview Moore desired,

place. (3) A thousand down from Newton.

"I am not a blackmailer from choice. I am only a criminal manufactured by society, and society will always have the criminals it deserves. I think that's what Havelock Ellis says, and he has studied the subject generally. I have



"THE CABMAN WAS BROUGHT UP"

and the writer earnestly hoped that a settlement would be arrived at which would be satisfactory to all concerned.

Moore read the letter carefully through, and when he had finished it he said quietly to himself, "To make it satisfactory for me I shall require—let me see: (1) The return of the two hundred odd I dropped in buying Hammersteins on Grant's advice. (2) Grant's super-annuation, and my appointment in his

only had leisure for studying a phase of it."

At six o'clock next evening, Moore went to the office in Smart Lane and found Newton and Grant waiting for him. He got to business with commendable directness. He announced the positive, comparative, and superlative items in his claim, and refused to say another word save that if any one of his conditions were rejected he would con-

sider the consultation over, and himself at liberty to act for himself as his discretion should direct.

"Suppose, Mr. Moore," Newton said sharply, "you would discontinue this nonsense and inform me why you have detained Mr. Grant and myself this evening."

"I have informed you very explicitly."

"You have talked some rubbish, but you have informed us of nothing."

"I do not intend to inform you further. I have informed the editor of a certain journal. In fact, my information is already sold to him—subject to a better offer from you."

This was pure "bluff." But Newton and Grant turned pale. They shuffled and began to compromise. Moore paid no attention to them. They wanted to find out what he really knew and how much. They might as well have talked to the table. Fearing to convey, even by accident, the exact amount of his knowledge (which was serious, if not absolutely conclusive) Moore maintained a rigid silence. Then Newton turned on Grant and Grant, at last, turned on Newton, and a long, wordy war was waged between the two, in which Moore's only part was to put in a word now and then which served to keep the contention keen, and during the progress of which he had picked up a few dialectical trifles which helped to make his chain of evidence complete. Then he spoke:

"Gentlemen, this wrangling does not advance my business."

The two conspirators paused aghast. They had allowed their tempers to carry them away from that strict sense of duty which a first-class swindler owes to himself. They looked simultaneously at Moore with an ugly glance. Moore observed it; but he was playing his forcing game now and he meant to play it out. Unfortunately he did not know the mettle of the men with whom he was playing. They had plenty of pluck, although they proved bunglers in the end. A little learning is a dangerous thing when one deals with poisons and is fated to be confronted in the last extremity with the toxicologist whose public services have been described in these pages.

Mr. Geoffrey Newton and his managing clerk, Mr. William Grant, called at the

nearest police-station an hour later and gave information to the effect that a dismissed clerk, Stephen Moore, had demanded an interview with them, and that they had agreed to it in the hope that he might be able to offer some proofs or suggestions in extenuation of the charge which to their minds was already only too clearly proved, *i.e.*, that of robbing his friend Mortimer of £300 and concocting a preposterous story to account for his movements at the time when he was engaged in putting the money in a safe place. They had heard him with patience and even kindness, but, to their consternation, Moore, who had been suffering from intense excitement all through the interview, suddenly rose to his feet, and, tearing wildly at his collar and necktie, fell dead in, they presumed, an apoplectic fit.

The police found on enquiry everything in the statement of Newton and Grant to be perfectly accurate. Moore's landlady, the engineer Mortimer (who was an unwilling witness), the shabby waiter, the cabman, even Miss Van Alstyne (who was summoned reluctantly), formed when taken together a respectable cloud of witnesses against the integrity of the dead man. The verdict at the final enquiry would unquestionably have been "death from natural causes," but for the evidence of the gentleman whom the Government employed at the last moment. His evidence was very material, and changed the whole aspect of the case, as well as the trend of public opinion on it.

He had no doubt that the deceased had not died from apoplexy, but that he was poisoned by nicotine, the poisonous alkaloid of tobacco which kills as quickly as apoplexy. The appearance of the victim of this poison after death—the prominent staring eyes and fulness about the neck, and so on—would resemble an apoplectic case so far that a physician with a biassed mind—a man, that is, who had been informed that apoplexy was the cause of death, and who had no special reason for doubting it—might readily arrive at that result. The fact that nicotine is not in the British Pharmacopœia, or in any, indeed, save the Swedish, did not seem to him likely to create a difficulty in procuring a fatal dose. It is known to the faculty, and described in unofficial text-books. And it would be easily administered, as it is

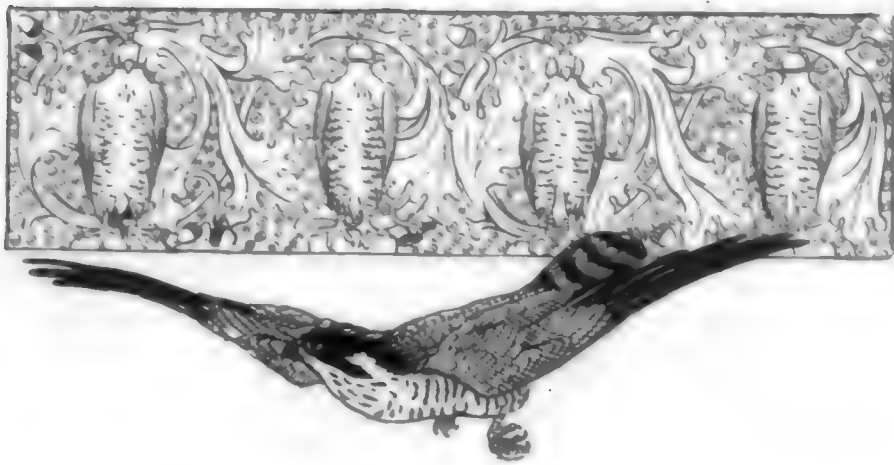
miscible in water, ether, and alcohol, as well as the fixed oils.

The witness admitted that some of the symptoms he had noticed in this instance were not usual in cases of poisoning by true nicotine, but he had recently had charge of cases in which the active poisonous agent was still more successfully disguised. In his experience the modern poisoner always aimed at the simulation of disease and the destruction of all traces of poison in the body of the victim. Distorted science, so to speak, had for the moment secured a slight lead on true science, which would be set aside in the near future. He himself had a work in the press which would present his views on this extraordinary bye-path of criminality much more comprehensively than anything he could say on the spur of the moment in his evidence. After a long elaboration of his diagnosis of the case, including a suggestion as to the impossibility of the self-infliction of some marks of violence he had

found upon the body, the witness closed his evidence, and was complimented by the Court.

Newton and Grant were at once arrested, and the latter turned Queen's evidence. He admitted having drugged his fellow clerk when in the café, and taken the bag of gold in order to ruin him and get him out of the way. He feared Moore knew too much of the affairs of Newton, Langley, and Brown, and he wished to be the only legatee of Newton's malpractices. He had the decency left to keep back Miss Van Alstyne's name. Newton and he had vainly endeavoured to "square" Moore at a reasonable figure, and, having failed, they killed him. He gave the details, but they are not intrinsically interesting.

Newton suffered the extreme penalty of the law, and Smart Lane was rid of its smartest "operator," and the way to other people's money was thus made easier for operators of less nerve, resource and general rascality.



The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions.

The best photograph sent in for the June Competition is "The Harbour Bar," by W. G. Jamieson, Cults, Aberdeenshire, and to this the medal is awarded. Three other photographs are commended, and here reproduced. Of the poems the best is that sent by Miss M. E. Kennedy, 9, Ashfield Avenue, Ranelagh, Dublin. The story which receives the medal is "Zsofi's Wedding," by Miss Beatrice Danford, Poklisa, Hatszeg, Hungary.

THE BEST SET OF VERSES.

A NOCTURNE.

BY M. E. KENNEDY, 9, Ashfield Avenue, Ranelagh, Dublin.

THE sun was on the mountain tops,
'Twas silent far and near;
There were no voices in the vale,
No wind upon the hill.
I moved amid the golden flags
Beside a waveless mere,
Wherein the snowy, shining clouds
Lay mirrored deep and still.
Upon the gleaming, daisied fields
You passed me with a smile;
My heart beat high, the sinking sun
In heaven stood still the while.

The sun went down, the shadows thrilled
And quivered at the flash
Of rising stars, the gold barred clouds
Sank fading in the west.
'Mid dim, dusk trees, in moss green ways,
With susurrous purl and splash,
The streams flowed loud, the moon arose
Above the mountain crest.
Upon the shade-hushed fields you crossed
My pathway with a sigh;
In heaven's deep hyacinthé slopes
The fleet stars paused on high.

Upon the impassioned silence hummed
A brown, belated bee,
On white flower-clusters in the hedge
The slim, blue butterfly
Hung poised within the tender dusk
Where love alone may see;
The wide, dim fields were streaked with streams
That twinkled to the sky.
Ah, then, without a smile or sigh,
You clasped me to your breast,
The world, the universe of stars,
Sank with our souls to rest.

THE BEST SHORT STORY.

ZSOFI'S WEDDING.

BY BEATRICE DANFORD, *Poklisa, Hatszeg, Hungary.*

OLD Pascu Serbanu sat on his cottage verandah, smoking, and watching the peculiar conduct of his only daughter. It was a balmy evening in April. Green things were sprouting around him. The Carpathians showed a flushed pink outline against the evening sky. Beyond the paling the wheat was emerald. Zsofi alone cried and sobbed, and rubbed her eyes with her scarlet apron.

"Good gracious, girl!" said the old man at last. "What on earth is the matter?"

And, finally, Zsofi stated her grievance. "I want to get married," she said. "I am eighteen, and I must have a husband."

Then Zsofi's mother came out. "It was Zsofi's own fault," she declared. "Zsofi was so particular. She turned up her nose at everyone. There was Ivan Vasioni, who was not at all badly off—expectations, too, and wanted a wife—would Zsofi take him?"

"Will you?" asked the old man, wondering. "You see, you are in such a hurry, my girl."

"Hurry!" echoed the maiden. "Nariska is to be married on Tuesday, and she is just sixteen!"

Old Pascu sighed deeply. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and surveyed his wheat-field thoughtfully. "Your mother may be right," he reflected aloud. "Ivan is not a bad fellow, eh, Zsofi?"

Zsofi's nose was rather snub. On that point her mother was quite right anyhow. "Yes, I like Ivan well enough—sometimes—" confessed the maiden, "and I must get married." With which sensible view her mother entirely agreed. Only, strangely enough, there were tears in her eyes.

Nariska, of sixteen years, was married on Easter Tuesday. After the complicated ceremony in the very simple, little white-washed church, one hastened out to dance beneath the plum trees. Overhead the blossom was white, underfoot, violets sprinkled the grass. The gypsies fiddled, the skylark sang, and Zsofi danced first the Romanian "Hora," and, next the Hungarian "Csárdás" with her affianced husband. After which Ivan Vasioni believed himself in Heaven.

Ivan Vasioni was a somewhat plain young man, who thought most humbly of his own merits. Zsofi was an angel,

of course. He her abject slave, whom she had actually selected to wed! Twenty-eight days, alas, intervened between this and the wedding, days which would have to be spent in dreary exile and military routine. Ivan, who was an ordinary young man, objected very strongly to the exchange of his linen shirt, with its smart cross-stitch embroidery in blue and red, for the tight tunic of duty. As for the town, it terrified him. Still, after it all, he would return to the village and marry Zsofi, who loved him. The smile on the lad's face at this was such as to render him nearly beautiful.

Meanwhile Zsofi danced with the Hungarian steward's son, who did not think her a bit of an angel: only a rather good-looking little peasant girl.

Zsofi danced a good deal with this young man on the whole. At last, after a *Csárdás* which had lasted over two hours, she ran off from her partner and found Ivan. Ivan was seated on the fence, adoring his betrothed in her long boots and short muslin petticoats.

"Come, sit beside me, sweetheart!" he said, eagerly. Zsofi was hot, she was flushed and excited. But she would not sit down.

"You are off to the soldiers to-morrow, Ivan?" she enquired. The boy looked sadly at her.

"And I promised to marry you when you came back, didn't I?"

"Yes, Zsofi. In twenty-eight days. Not so very long."

"Well, I won't marry you. I have changed my mind."

The lad's face went from crimson to pale ashen grey. His lips closed. "Don't be cross about it, Ivan," said Zsofi, lightly.

There were several unhappy recruits in barracks with Ivan Vasioni. Recruits are, as a rule, unhappy. Some of these were compelled to resort to a certain chemical, as the only means of escaping drill. It was a strong poison, one which swells and stiffens joints and muscles, thereby rendering marching impossible. In Ivan's case it might have been an overdose. Still, the doctor was puzzled for a motive. "Such a strong young man, who had already served his three years! Had he been a fresh conscript, one might have understood. But to take poison for a matter of twenty-eight days!"

The Best Photograph.



THE HARBOUR BAR: MEDAL

By W. G. JAMIESON, *Cults, Aberdeenshire*



SUNSET AT RENMAENPOOL, NORTH WALES: COMMENDED

By C. F. INSTON, *Liverpool*



A BREEZY DAY: COMMENDED
By SAMUEL RICHMAN, *Liverpool*



A VIEW ON THE CANAL: COMMENDED
By R. KAVANAGH, JUN., *Dublin*

Lessons in Light.

BEING A RESUMÉ OF HISTORICAL TEACHING BY A MODERN METHOD

MOST of us have worn a dunce's cap in our time. I lived in one. It was no use doffing it for an hour or two: it became as inevitably mine as the holland over-all—a species of scholastic strait-waistcoat—wherein Dame Trotter uniformed us. I was the *ignoramus par excellence*: the girls all beat me in a canter, the slowest boy in the class could win against me hands down. History was a nightmare, and geography an abomination. I could count ten with the assistance of my fingers; where they stopped, I stopped. On analysing my astounding blockheadedness I find I must have been not a backward boy merely, but a regular backslider. My brain read backwards, like Arabic handwriting: it had its own theories of education. Dame Trotter's history, for instance, began at William the Conqueror, and skipped, waddled, or limped till it arrived in a state of exhaustion at Victoria. Mine, on the contrary, began with our own good Queen—of whom I heard every day—and travelled away as far as its strength would carry it, back to the Norman.

But in those days this perverse propensity was undiagnosed. The fools' cap extinguished me because, instead of remembering that William Rufus was shot by somebody or other, none knows where, I ruminated over a fire portrait of the Prince of Wales that had fascinated me at the Crystal Palace! Here, began my interest in the Royal House of Guelph, and here, by degrees—I discovered the insignificant value of the tiresome details of the tragedy of 1100 A.D. that had proved me dunce of the deepest dye. But the fiery effigy of the heir to the throne was not my only incentive to education. From time to time in the same place, and by the same means, my greedy eye took in new data, and forced on my brain a chronological record of nineteenth century events. An enormous representation of the Arc de

Triomphe glowing with national colours, standards, and spread-eagles, brought France very close to the juvenile heart, and curiosity for a month or two played luridly round the harrowing details of war and revolution. In the same magnificent way I was introduced to the Spanish Armada, and witnessed the splendour of the defeat: guns boomed, masts and yards fell, every drop of British blood in my veins tingled with a glow of exaltation, the memory of which is revived even to this day at the mere sight of a Michaelmas goose.

But the magician who worked these fire wonders in our midst had a greater object lesson still in store. Dunce-like I ignored the crisis in Egypt, for Dame Trotter's successor—a pedant, who smelt of snuff and wrangled over the quantitative pronunciation of Latin—tabooed the newspapers. The bombardment of Alexandria was talked of, but vague were my ideas of its why or wherefore, till, on a momentous night in the Crystal Palace grounds the whole scene in its actuality was illumined before us. We saw, we heard, we conquered—in imagination! Shall I ever forget the hoarse roar from thousands upon thousands of lusty British throats, voicing the sheer frenzy of appreciation; while the band, working with all its wind and biceps, strove to assure us that it meant well by the National Anthem, not a sound of which could be heard!

By this time it will be discovered that I was a fire-worshipper of the most devout order. The luminous name of Brock had begun to rank in my philosophy between Zoroaster and Confucius: Zoroaster on the one side, as the prophet of the Supreme Fire: Confucius on the other as the Father of Science, the inspiring source of the Chinese alchemists and pyrotechnists, with whom the art, now arrived at such gigantic development, had originated. What wizard was this who could colour history through the agency of mineral substances, who, with

salts of copper, could paint the blue Mediterranean, and from barytes bring forth millions of verdant trees? I had seen the Falls of Niagara in gold, and showers, like all the stars of Heaven, hailing down to woo the earth—a passionless Danæ; gold they had been to me, but to the conjuror I found their chromatic glory resolved itself in nothing more or nor less than simple carbonate of soda!

Wonderful things those salts, I dis-

aggressor, and that for once the cause of morality was not furthered by the pyrotechnist. The disobedient frog, however, who would a-wooing go without the sanction of his Mamma, perished ignobly. In truth, he was a sorry spark, for slowly and surely his gorgeous green coat faded, and his golden hose forsook him, until at last he was left with only one auspicious, amorous, crimson-eye—ogling and ogling. The Cheshire cat of *Alice in Wonderland* fame with



A GLIMPSE OF THE FLEET
From a photograph by Negretti and Zambra

covered after an unusual exhibition of their adaptability: how they lent themselves at one time to poetry, at another to the humorous conceits of their proprietor. For, when the bolus of history was well silvered, the early literature of toddling England got its chance. Little Miss Muffat on her tuffet—sat at her meal in fiery crimson, while a facetious spider, descending apparently from the clouds, took up a coign of vantage, and so frightened the damsel that she disappeared into thin air. It must regretfully be owned that in this case the sympathies of the public were with the

immortal grin came next; a much dappled tabby beaming a smile so radiantly urbane that one could have made toast by it at twenty yards.

By this time I had discovered that the "Wizard of the Brocken"—so I had christened this invisible Professor who taught us history and patriotism in a flash—was somewhat of a wag. Before long the discovery was ratified beyond doubt. Topical ever, he had taken cognizance of a vanishing lady trick that had astonished London. Not to be outdone by optical illusionists the object lessons at the Crystal Palace were

expanded. A vanishing cow took the place of the vanishing Dame and—wonder on wonders!—in her disappearance, she out-Röntgened Röntgen, for her skeleton in form of a pump slowly

was not a boy among us who had not the whole history of that Nile Battle at his fingers' ends in twenty-four hours!

Meanwhile, for years and years our historian of the Crystal Palace had been



THE JUMMA MUSJID, DELHI
From a photograph by Negretti and Zambra

gleamed forth, and gibbered a homely prosaic warning.

But history marched at the double by the side of frivolity. On the exact anniversaries of those great events came the Siege of Gibraltar and the Battle of the Nile, and the exciting scenes, blazing on the retina, re-animated the passages of Allison, and Hume. Thousands on thousands of spectators were transported to Aboukir Bay, brought face to face with our fine old battleships, the *Vanguard*, *Minotaur*, *Defence*, *Swiftsure*, *Bellerophon*, *Majestic*, and the noble *cortège* of the enemy's vessels, which, amidst the terrible booming of cannon, were seen, one by one, to sink or strike. And then came the final catastrophe, realistic in every detail: the fire on the *L'Orient*, and the terrific explosion that whirled the French flagship, with its hundred-and-twenty guns, helter-skelter into the air. What cheers there were, what roars and what hurrahs! There

performing herculean feats of fire abroad. The minarets and mosques of India had been fretted in flame: the proclamation of the Queen Empress, the visit of the Prince of Wales, the Maharajah of Jey-pore's accession to power—all had been literally emblazoned on the tropical azure. The Jumma Musjid, at Delhi, and the wondrous white Taj had glowed golden, carnation, and blue beneath the magic wand: and, nearer still, a vast expanse of the Bosphorus, at the command of the late Sultan Abdul Aziz, had blazed with millions of chromatic rays. The classic ripples that had beat on the breast of Leander had shone at a word like burnished gold, and the thunder of hundreds of mortars vomiting forth flame had come again to old Byzantium, like an echo of Alexandrian days. Later on, to celebrate the marriage of the present King of Portugal, the Tagus was literally converted into a river of flame, no less than thirteen vessels,

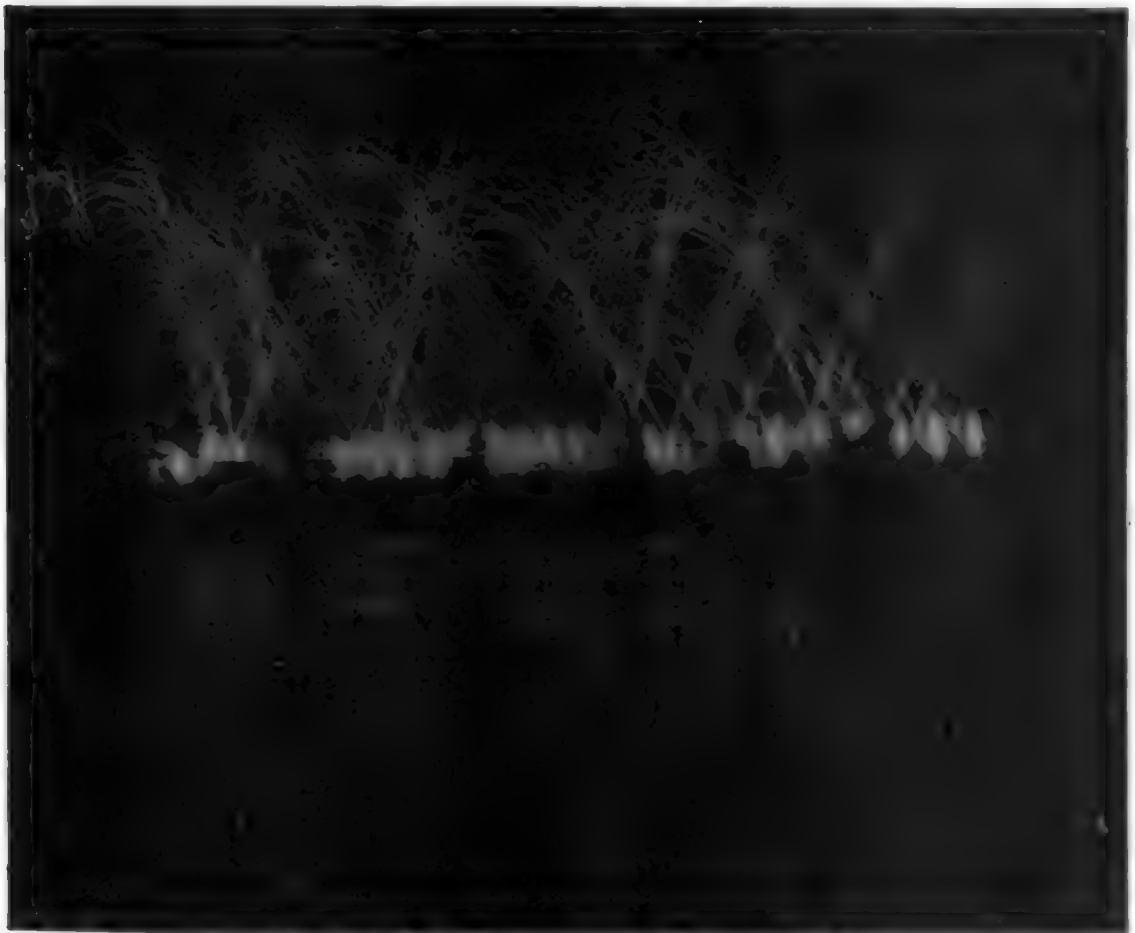
troopships and others, having been placed by the Portuguese Government at the disposal of the fire King for the transport of his eighty tons of material to the scene of action.

But beyond the historical and architectural nature of his instruction, the Professor kept his little classes of some hundred thousand persons continually *en rapport* with the notabilities of the age. His portrait gallery was rich as Tussaud's and as comprehensive. All the leaders of the time, crowned and uncrowned, were presented to us as they came in due course into the foreground of political history. Two tragic pictures after a lapse of years still loom vividly in memory. The first, in the summer of '84, represented poor Gordon, hero, saint, warrior, and mystic; the second, years later, was an In Memoriam wreath surrounding the central letter G, significant at the time of the assassination of

weird solemnity of silence with which we hailed the last, the simultaneous hush of a vast panting multitude, awe-stricken, compassionate, regretful?

Those were fine doings of the Professor's, and they haunted me long after I was let loose from schoolrooms and pronounced independent of the tomes that would have remained closed but for his incentive. They lived with me in my travels through wild regions of desert and sand, and dotted my memories of "Home, sweet home" with many lambent lights.

On returning to the old country, I made inquiries, and learnt that the object-lessons continued, and that the scion of the noted house of Brock—now in its seventh generation—might be seen in the flesh by a journey to the great factory at South Norwood. In short, the present wizard, Mr. Arthur Brock, graciously invited me to the Brocken.



IN HONOUR OF THE AUSTRALIANS AT SHEFFIELD PARK
Photographed for the Earl of Sheffield by E. Hawkins and Co.

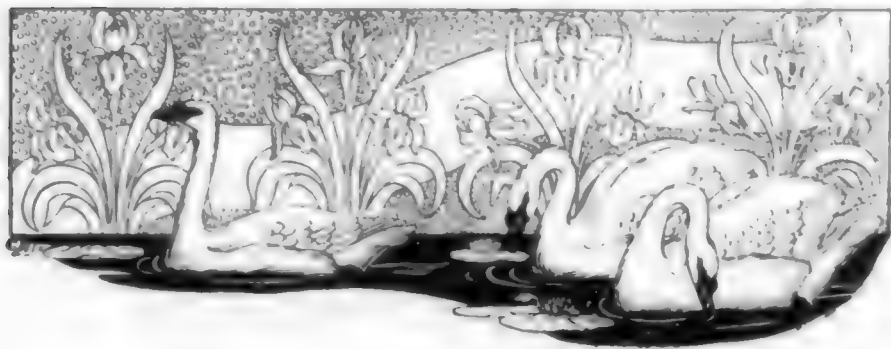
President Garfield. Shall I ever forget the greeting we gave the first?—the roars that swelled over lakes and trees and swept the stilly night with a very cyclone of human emotion? Or, again, the

There were no mountain peaks, no perilous ascents; vast acres, studded like an encampment with iron and wood buildings, each well removed from the other, stretched before the eye. At the

only gate sat Cerberus, in the form of a huge St. Bernard—a creature of highly distinguished character, affable during daylight, yet a very Tartar after sundown. Within the alarming precincts, all was precision and cleanliness. The innocent work of cutting wooden frames and constructing paper cases for the explosives was going forward in the nearest fields; but further on, in houses specially provided, the task of filling squibs, crackers, and charging Roman candles and rockets was carried on, mostly by women, whose hands are supposed to be more deft and delicate than men's at the work. A few remarks on the nature of the place may be appreciated. The priests and priestesses of Zoroaster pursue their quaint avocations of "choking" and "bouncing" (technical terms in the mystic language of the Brocken) in compartments roofed with highly-varnished wood and floor-clothed with Kamptulicon, every nail of which is capped with bronze. Though they put not off their shoes before carrying on their mystic rites, each one on reaching the doorway is provided with an enormous pair of boots, into which he steps. These capacious articles, that would afford accommodation for the family of the Old Woman of nursery lore, are now known as "Trilbys." They

serve to protect the floor from contact with the nails of the mundane boot. The official garments of "Brockenites" are in some cases fireproof, in others woollen and pocketless. Every disciple is searched before entering the sacred precincts. Not a grain of dust is anywhere to be seen, and bacteriologists would find the Brocken a poor hunting-ground for germs. Miles of planking lead across the fields from house to house; and equi-distant from each other are tanks and pails of water, the contents of which can be gathered to one spot at a moment's notice on any alarm of fire.

The chief I found to be not only exhibitor and manufacturer, but inventor and antiquarian. Chemical, historical, and technical secrets of his craft had been gleaned from rare books and from prized prints, which he handled with the reverence and delicacy of a dilettante. He was gratified to learn the nature of my historical debt to him, and expressed his intention of this season continuing his object-lessons for the benefit of the rising generation. "And how about illuminating the North Pole?" I said, knowing the wide range of his operations. He laughed, and patted the affable St. Bernard. "The word 'impossible' is not written in the pyrotechnist's dictionary."





The Three Maidens

THERE were three maidens in a field,
And two were fair, and one was kind:
She of the blue eyes bore a shield
And Brown-eyes tossed an apple-rind,
Seeking her true love's name to find.

There were two maidens in a field,
And one was fair and one was kind:
Blue-eyes laid hand upon her shield
And turned to meet the blustering wind,
To other summons deaf and blind.

"Oh, hark," she said, "the axes ring!
Shall Love be bolder found than Fame?
You cannot see, you will not sing,
You little love the battle-game
Whose echo turns my blood to flame."

There was one maiden in a field
Who span and sang the livelong day,
And heard the crash of spear on shield
Borne from the fighting far away,
Where Love and Fame were in the fray.

And as she span she sang a song—
"O, shield of bronze and myrtle-boughs,
A little while and ye are strong,
But if I bend my maiden brows
Lo, Desolation holds your house."

O, Fame, in foray and in field
I sought thee; and I seek to-day
Such sweetness as the myrtles yield.
But the third maiden's lips I'll pray
Some time to kiss Love's kiss away.

NORA HOPPER.



Some Experiences of Lord Syfret.

BY ARABELLA KENEALY.

I.—THE HAUNTED CHILD.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. BAYES.

AT forty I had exhausted all the resources of civilised life. I had health, wealth, and position, yet I knew that unless I could devise some new expedient for passing time suicide would be my last sensation. As to whether suicide were justifiable or not I did not concern myself. I was bored and I did not purpose to continue being bored. Exploring my mental reserves I lighted upon a vein which, suitably worked, might profit me. I set about working it. So far I have done so successfully. Once more life is tolerable, occasionally exhilarating.

The vein is an insatiable and absorbing interest—curiosity—call it what you will—in other people's lives. Fiction has no charm for me. I am always conscious that its personages are but printer's ink. And I like my pages of story wet with the ink of life. I meet a man or a woman whose appearance or conditions stir me. By the expenditure of a little ingenuity, some trouble, and more or less hard cash, that person's story lies in my hand. Aided by a staff of well-drilled agents, whose duty I have made it to shadow in one capacity or another the fortunes of such persons as roused my curiosity—I am enabled to read their stories like a book. And, I tell you, few romances approach in interest some of the realities I have thus been able to trace. My right to peer into my fellows' lives may be denied. I myself have never considered the question. To do so amuses me. That is sanction enough for my morality.

It has occurred to me to record a few of the stories I have chanced upon. That thus set down they will interest others as they interested me who watched them as they were wrought in the forge of life I do not pretend. Yet they may serve for entertainment. As already stated my concern is purely psychological, or, if you prefer a simpler term, impertinent curiosity. With the right or wrong of things I do not meddle.

Only in exceptional cases do I even trouble to put the law on the track of murder, though, in the course of their activities on my behalf, my agents should witness the commission of such a crime. For my part I prefer the delinquent to escape, that I may find, as I do, penalty closing in on him as an indirect consequence of his action, rather than that it shall take the clumsy form we dignify by the title of justice. Far crueller, subtler, and a hundredfold more fitting to a particular crime are the methods whereby time, character and circumstance enmesh the criminal. Expedient it may be to rid ourselves of the confessedly vicious. But the Powers which are moulding us to ends our finite minds have so far failed to grasp are neither assisted in their ultimate objects nor appeased in their far-reaching wrath—so to put it—by our crude expedients. The long arm of development which encompasses the human family and places effect in the unerring train of cause will find the murderer, many years it may be after we have done with him, but find him it will as inevitably as the impulse given to pool by pebble laps the shore.

How can it reach him after death? you ask. Death is but change of identity. Entities in the school of evolution pass through myriad lives in training for eternity, and the ill acts of one existence may not find expiation until a later one. A theory, you say. A theory, I admit. But I ask you for another that shall equally explain the inexplicabilities of human life. I have a story illustrative of my theory. Read into it any other interpretation that you will, and judge if it apply as mine does.

* * *

In a cottage on one of my estates a gamekeeper lived, some ten years since, with his young and pretty wife. He was middle-aged and morose, considering, as does many another, that the one cardinal virtue he practised—in his case that of

honesty—absolved him from the obligation of practising any of the minor amenities and amiabilities of life. Nobody could imagine by what sorcery or fortuitous concomitance of accidents he had persuaded pretty Polly Penrose to mate with him. He had saved a certain

so they let the matter drop. Cooper was but one of Polly's "whimsies."

It is probable I should never have concerned myself with Polly's affairs had I not one day come upon her crying her eyes out in a wood. On seeing me, she blushed and stole away. Matters just



"STRUCK HIM WITH THE BUTT-END OF HIS GUN"

sum of money, for to other unlovable qualities he added that of screw. Polly had swains better circumstanced than he, however, so that this offered no solution of the problem. The village wondered, chattered, and finally decided that "you could nivver calculate on what gells do, for they're chock full o' whimsies;" and

then were dull with me. I had no other case on hand; and, without anticipating much result, idly determined to trace the cause of Polly's tears. I had, among my agents, a girl of about her age and temperament; and, putting her to lodge in the village, she soon made Polly's acquaintance. It came out then that

Polly had married for pique. There was a certain stalwart sweetheart of hers—another of my keepers—of whom she was fond, but he rousing her jealousy by attention to a rival, in a fit of temper she accepted Cooper. To make a long story short—for this is but a preface—Polly and her lover made it up again too late, for Polly was then Mrs. Cooper.

Polly was a good girl, and I do not believe Cooper had any substantial reason for complaint, as she saw Dell but rarely. But she grew pallid and depressed. Occasionally she was seen with Dell. The circumstances reaching Cooper's ears, with doubtless some embellishment, there was trouble in the cottage. Cooper even went so far as to strike her. In her fear and agitation—the poor girl was soon to be a mother—she fled to Dell.

Cooper, following, found her in a shed near the latter's cottage. From words the men passed to blows, and eventually Dell struck Cooper over the head with the butt-end of his gun. Whether he meant murder or not, who can say? but a long acquaintance with the poor fellow makes me confident the impulse was momentary and uncontrollable. But murder it turned out. Cooper's skull was fractured and he died in a few hours.

Dell made no effort to escape. His one fear seems to have been for Polly. He remained with her in the cottage, soothing and re-assuring her till he was handcuffed and taken to gaol. I did all I could on his behalf. I even had the gaol-lock tampered with. I had an instinct of what would happen should his case come to trial, and hanging was the last death for the fine young fellow he was.

I was a magistrate and could easily have contrived his escape. But the blockhead would not take his liberty. He could not now marry Polly he said, and he did not care for life.

A thick-skulled jury, directed by a judge who on the Bench was as keen a stickler for the proprieties as off the Bench he was obtuse about them, put the worst—and, I believe, the false—construction on Dell's and Polly's fondness. He was convicted of murder, and sentenced to death. Under the circumstances, it was a monstrous sentence. There had been assuredly no premedita-

tion, and his provocation was great. We petitioned the Home Secretary; we petitioned Parliament. We might have spared our signatures and ink. When Dell's time came he was hanged. And now comes the gist of my story.

I filled up the places left vacant by Dell and his victim, putting in two keepers from a distance. There was a strong local feeling against the occupation of either of the cottages. Presently it was rumoured that the shed wherein the murder had occurred was haunted. But the new keepers, unaffected by the tragedy which to them was merely hearsay, pooh-poohed the rumour.

Curiously enough, the wife of one turned out to be a distant cousin of Dell's. She was a buxom person, strong-nerved and braced with common sense. She scoffed at ghost-talk.

"Depend on it, your lordship," she said once to me, "there's a deal more to be afear't on in the livin' than the dead; and as long as it's noboddy comin' to meddle wi' Johnson's belongings, why, let the poor things, if things there be, come an' go as it pleases 'em."

I mention this to free my story from an implication to which it may presently seem open. Mrs. Johnson was as unimpressionable a woman as could be, and was as little affected by the talk of ghosts as she would have been by their apparition.

Now the ghost which was said to walk and to have been seen by more than one person, was not, as I have gathered is the way of ghosts, the shade of the murdered man, but that of his murderer. All who had caught the fleeting glimpse—which is as much as the ghost-seer generally permits himself—agreed that the apparition haunting the wood-shed was Dell's. Round and round in a restricted circle, skirting the space whereon a ghastly form had stretched, the ghost was seen to pass. Its head was bent, its face leaned down. Its eyes stared, frozen with horror. Moans and sighs of the direst distress were heard to issue from the shed. But the man from whom I had a description, a tramp who, unwitting of its reputation, had stolen there one rainy evening for the purpose of a night's lodging, described the thing he saw as mute and noiseless, making a dumb and ceaseless circuit of the floor. To him the circuit taken by the apparition was but a stretch of dusty

boards, but the stark horror in the shadow's eyes told of some ghastly visibility.

The man was green with fright. He had lain there staring nearly all the night, afraid to move, afraid almost to breathe, lest he should turn the horror of the eyes upon himself. He painted in the vivid speech of panic the curious effect of morning: how as the light grew, it left less and still less of the apparition visible, how from being something luminous against the darkness it passed into a thin translucent shade against the light, how the outlines slowly faded and the form was lost, yet he could see it whirling like a grey smoke round and round six feet of floor. When the sun came up it slipped away as mist slips into air. In the morning when the man was brought to me he was piebald. The hair and beard of one side had gone white in the night.

A time came when the ghost was seen no more. The sighs and moanings ceased. Still the shed lost no whit of its evil reputation.

A year after the Johnsons' advent to the cottage, a child was born to them. They had already several children—buxom, cherry-cheeked youngsters, after the type of their mother. This child was different. The difference did not show at first. The infant was as other infants—a mere homogeneous mass of red-pink flesh, with the slate-grey eyes of its kind; eyes that deluded mothers call dark or light according to their fancy, for the rest of the world perceives that not until long after seeing the light do babies' eyes take on the shade they eventually keep. But this infant, though like enough to others, differed from them in one particular—it had a large blood-red spot in the palm of its right hand. The doctor pronounced the spot merely accidental and ephemeral; it would disappear before the week was out. Subsequently he modified his opinion. It was a variety of *nævus*, but he considered that it did not call for operation. The child would outgrow it. But the

doctor was wrong. As the palm grew the blood-spot grew, and its colour did not wane. Presently, when the child assumed with age the waxen whiteness that afterwards characterised it, the spot had a curious effect of focussing all the blood in its body. As the baby slowly evolved an individuality out of



"AFRAID TO MOVE"

its pink homogeneousness, it was seen to differ singularly from the rest of the Johnson children. In the place of their fair chubbiness, it was pallid and dark. Its brows were strongly and sombrely marked, and its eyes gathered slowly a look of weird horror. It cried rarely or never. Nor did it smile. It sat staring before it with a fixed expression and a blood-red palm upturned.

A child is born with its hands knotted into fists, fists which for months are opened with difficulty. It is an instinctive action of grasping the life before it. A man or woman dies with the palms extended. The life has been wrought and is rendered up. The Johnson baby never curled its fists as normal babies do. It held its palms limply open with the

blood-red spot for all to see. The villagers talked as villagers always talk of something out of the common. They drew conclusions—the short-sighted conclusions of their kind. They pronounced the child's uncanniness a judgment on the mother for her scoffing.

"It don't do to make light o' they things," they croaked. They predicted the baby's early death. The child attracted my attention from the first. I got a curious impression about it. Its face had a familiar look. The horror in its eyes reminded me of something. It was not until later that I knew of what.

I had a vacant cottage near. In it I installed an elderly woman of observant faculty. She made friends with the mother, and having leisure took the infant frequently off her hands. By her means I am able to relate what happened. So soon as it showed signs of intelligence—signs such as those used to children interpret, while to others they are still meaningless—the Johnson baby developed interest in the haunted shed—now, it must be remembered, no longer haunted.

The moment it was taken out of doors its eyes turned in the direction of the building, that stood but a short distance from the cottage. It was restless and wayward out of sight of it, and would weary and fret with inarticulate demands until carried whence it could see it. So soon as it was able, it would drag itself along the floor and out at the door to sit there with hands on tiny knees, staring with fascinated looks.

Before it was ten months old, it was found, having crept across the patch of ground between the house and shed, tired with its efforts, lying extended on the grass, its waxen face turned solemnly upon the building, its eyes fixed. Later it managed to escape attention long enough to reach the shed, shuffling along as infants do on hands and legs. It was discovered crouching at the open door, its head dropt till its chin rested almost in its lap, its pupils wide upon some portion of the floor. An illness followed, and for some weeks the child's life was in danger. It had taken a chill, the doctor said. Even then, though weakened with fever, the poor little creature left for a moment, would struggle feebly to the foot of the bed, whence through the window a corner of the shed was visible. There it would be

found staring with grave, frightened eyes.

When strong enough to be up again it made always for the window, to stand there with its face pressed close against the glass. The doctor diagnosed the child as weak-minded, but I cannot say the term at all described the terrible intelligence that looked out of its eyes. The women shook their heads.

"It knows too much, poor little dear," they said. "There isn't nothing that's said it don't know. If anybody could find out what it's always askin' in its eyes per'aps it ud be able to die quiet, for anybody can see it ain't long for this world."

Mrs. Johnson paid but little heed to all the talk.

"I don't see anything much different in the child from other children," she said impatiently, "only it don't thrive. I expect it 'll be stronger on its legs when it's got its teeth and can take a bit o' meat wi' the rest of us."

But the child grew no stronger on its legs, nor did it grow the least bit less unlike the chubby-cheeked Johnson brood. It seemed to have no wish to walk. It was a patient little thing, and when planted by a chair would stand there; but so soon as attention was drawn from it, it would drop to its hands and knees again, and creep to the door.

Johnson made a little fence, to keep it from straying; but it developed a weird sagacity for evading this, wriggling through or clambering over, or escaping by a back door. Then, if not intercepted, it would work its way across the patch of ground till it reached the doorway of the shed. There it would sit for hours together, straining its eyes upon some portion of the floor—always the same portion. Rain, snow, or wind it minded not. Frequently it was found squatted there in the entrance, wet to the skin, with a heavy rain beating on it, to all appearance unconscious of its wet and chilled condition—its gaze and powers magnetised. It took but little food, and was a puny, miserable morsel. Such food as it took, it took mechanically and in obedience to its mother. It never seemed hungry, or interested, as babies are interested, in the sweet and edible.

It did not play, nor did it seem to have a notion of the use of toys. A doll or painted ball it would turn seriously over in its fingers, then lay aside with a



"THE VILLAGERS WHISPERED THAT IT HAD THE EVIL EYE"

quaint solemnity as though it had weightier matters on hand. Its only comfort was its thumb, which it sucked gravely, and with a thoughtful sobriety as of an old man smoking a pipe. It had no fear of darkness. It was found in the shed at dead of night, having scrambled stealthily from its cot, down the cottage stairs and out at the door. Sometimes it sat at a distance gazing spell-bound. Generally it spent its time shuffling round and round a certain area of floor dragging itself laboriously on hands and knees as one doing penance.

The villagers grew scared at it, and whispered that it had the evil eye. They would turn back to avoid passing it in the road. I have had boys thrashed for stoning it. Even its mother came to have a horror of it, with its weird ways and terrible eyes. Yet it was patient and gave no trouble, so long as it were permitted to be in the shed. Its limbs, they told me, were raw and red, from the continuous rub of the boards against its baby skin. And the nails of toes and fingers were worn to the quick with its ceaseless clambering.

That the child suffered mentally, I cannot say. Possibly not. It seemed to gather satisfaction from its treadmill labours, though there was always that horror in its eyes.

"Perhaps your lordship would be pleased to come and see it," my agent suggested one day, when I chanced to pass the Johnson cottage. "Mrs. Johnson has gone into the village. The baby was shut in, but it has got out somehow and crept to the shed."

I followed her. We went quietly; but I doubt if the child would have heard in any case, so absorbed was it. We watched it through the window. Its frock and feet were stained with the soil over which it had dragged itself. The day was damp, and mud clung about its hands. But it minded nothing. In the half-sitting, half-kneeling posture of creeping children it dragged itself sideways round and round a circle encompassing some six feet of floor—six feet in length and from three to four in breadth. Dust lay thick on the boards, so that the circuit made by it was clearly traced. It went always over the same ground, marking a curious zig-zagged shape. Round and round, now up, now down, tracing the same inexplicable course it plodded, a thick dust

rising on either side to the infantile flop of its skirts.

Its face was bent towards the centre of the trail it followed, its eyes rivetted. Sweat stood moist on its skin, and in the moisture dust clung, giving it a dark, unearthly look. It sighed and panted at its task. Every now and again it would cease from utter weariness and, sitting up, would lift its dusty frock and wipe its lips. After a minute it resumed its treadmill round. I went in. It lifted its awed and grimy countenance and looked at me with that terrible intelligence. Then it resumed its dusty way.

I took it up and sat it on a pile of wood. It whined and fretted, stretching its arms to the shape on the floor. I left it where it was, and, crossing the shed, stood looking down upon the figure it had traced. I could make nothing of it. It was an irregular oblong of indefinite form, wider to one end, narrowing to the other. A grim thought struck me that it resembled a coffin. I was interested. What was the meaning of it all? What, if anything, did those weird eyes see? I bade the woman bring some cake or sweets. She came back with an orange.

"He'll do anything for an orange," she said.

I made her take the child and set him on the floor to one side of the figure. I placed myself on the other. The oblong was between us at its widest part. I held the orange up, and beckoned him.

"Go get it!" the woman urged.

He gazed at me questioningly, as though probing my intention. His eyes rested on the orange; then something that in another child would have been a smile floated over his face. He set out, creeping toward me. I watched him intently. Would he cross that circle? He came on, shuffling slowly, raising a cloud of dust. But when he reached the further limit of the oblong, he stopped short. He turned his face down, and bent his looks on something that he seemed to see within the circle—something about the level of his eyes.

I stamped my foot and called to him. He looked up curiously but did not move. I held the orange toward him. He stretched his hand out, raising it carefully as though to prevent it coming into contact with the something that was there.

"Come," I said.

His eyes again levelled. They travelled slowly over that I could not see. Then he looked up at me, dully reproachful.

"Come," I called again, tossing the orange.

He shook his head with a grave, old-man solemnity. I stamped my foot once more.

"Come," I insisted.

His lips quivered feebly. Tears came into his eyes. Suddenly his features quickened with a new sagacity. He swerved aside and came creeping to me

Thank goodness she was in time! I looked down into his face. Poor little wretch! There was all the dumb agony of a ripe intelligence frozen on it. He clung to me strenuously, turning his rigid looks from that over which we stood. I gave him to her.

"Take him away. Get the poor little wretch out into the air. Give him the orange. Give him anything—only drive that look from his face." She took him out. He turned a shuddering head over her shoulder seeking



"THE FLOWERS STOOD AROUND HIM
LIKE GENTLE SENTINELS"

round the outer edge of the figure he had traced, bending his looks with an awed avoidance upon that he saw there. I tried a dozen times. But he would not cross the line. He scanned me plaintively. Why did I so torment him?

I took him in my arms. I carried him toward the charmed circle. Looking back I can see that the act was a brutal one, such a brutal one as the curiosity we dignify by the terms intellectual or scientific is frequently guilty of. But the woman stopped me. She caught him out of my arms.

"For heaven's sake, don't, my lord," she gasped, "I did it once. I thought he would have died."

that spot. It was the spot where Cooper had lain. I knew it now. He had lain there stretched full length, and over him Dell had stood with stricken eyes. Heavens! Why had the child those eyes? And why had it been cursed with this terrible vision? Had re-birth come so soon? Were the retributive forces of murder thus expiating in a little child?

I stood looking down at the figure traced in dust. I thrust my stick into it. Did I really feel a dull resistance? I lowered my hand to within some inches of the floor. Was the air really chill? Pshaw! The babe had infected me. It

was but a draught from the door. As I stood my stick slipped from my hold, and sliding stopped between the curves composing the lower end of the oblong. A tree-branch, stirred by the wind, shot its shadow through the doorway immediately across the tracery. In a moment, as a few strokes put to outlines which had had no meaning gather the lines into life, so now the unmeaning tracery took shape. The stick formed a line of demarcation between extended legs, a limb of the shadow-tree lay like an outstretched arm and hand. Even for a moment convulsing features were given to a curve that might have been a face, as a flicker of twigs and fluttering leaves hurried like vanishing pencil marks across the outline. In that moment the murdered body of Cooper was reproduced as I had seen it. I am sufficiently strong-nerved. Yet I admit I turned sick. I picked up my stick and went out.

I knew now that what had been momentarily visible to me was ever before the doomed baby, that to its eyes the murdered man was always there. I felt my hair lift as though an ice-wind swept under my hat.

I had the shed pulled down. I had the ground it covered sown with flowers.

But the spot kept its old fascination for the poor little creature. He could not now drag round it, the way being barred. But he sat for hours tracing with waxen fingers something that for him lay there, something that to us was but space between flower-stalks.

I sent him to the sea, a hundred miles away. In three days his life was despaired of. His impulse in living was gone. He fell into a state of stupor. He revived when brought back. He dragged himself out to the flower-bed, and sat there crooning with a kind of plaintive content, tracing that outline with his pallid hands.

One morning they found him dead there. He had crept from his cot at some time during the night, and had scrambled in the darkness—he never learned to walk—to the old spot. Rain was falling, and he lay on his back with face upturned and wet, his fair hair limp about him. His brows were unbent and tranquil, through his half-unclosed lids at last peace looked. The flowers stood round him like gentle sentinels, their flower-cups full of rain as eyes with tears. For the first time in his life the smile of a child lay over his lips. And the blood-spot in his palm was white as wool.



Concerning Sir Henry Irving.

IT is interesting, where possible, to trace the secret corner-stones of human success and to survey the foundations that lie at the root of all human achievement. In the case of Sir Henry Irving you find, of course,

health are but the scaffolding of success. Many thousands of men and women fighting for a place in art possess all these qualifications, yet attain to no eminence and vanish unremembered. For them their humble, unavailing service in



EUGENE ARAM

the inevitable back-bone of fixed purpose and iron determination, allied to that good physical health without which supreme eminence in the most arduous of all artistic callings must be impossible. But determination, courage, and good

a great cause is their sole reward. Super-eminence and the winning of a separate niche in the temple of the Goddess is given to but few, and in such cases an examination of their peculiar gifts, over and above those essential to

every doer of deeds, cannot fail to be profoundly interesting. Henry Irving's appearance and elocution have been advanced so often as natural stumbling-blocks in his path, that a critic grows

historian of the stage may look in vain for more splendid stage figures of Hamlet, Lear, Louis XI., Mephistopheles, Iago, or Matthias, than he has given. There is a mysterious charm about the actor's



MACBETH

impatient of the parrot-cry, and may even doubt the truth of it, since it is often certain that what every man asserts no man should accept. As a matter of fact the artist's weird personality is eminently fitted to many among his greater presentations; and the

face, and even his voice at times, which leads you to the vital secret of his power. All highly eminent men possess in a degree the quality of magnetism, and none wields a fascination for the beholder more subtle and enduring than the great actor. His art grips



RAVENSWOOD

the members of an audience, chains them, makes slaves of them for the time being. They are dragged out of themselves by a power which can only be called magnetism, for its influence is the same, whether you watch an Irving through one of his great parts or in others whereof he would be the first to admit he is not an ideal exponent. Sir Henry's Romeo, and his Ravenswood, were frankly uninteresting; his Malvolio was—let the truth be spoken—absolutely dull: yet, under the influence of the man himself, you followed every

movement, woke to renewed attention when he came upon the stage, never quite realised the performance was inadequate until all had ended, and a review of it proved disappointing. Few actors have won such an overwhelming consensus of appreciative criticism in so many varied characters. His comedy is almost universally praised; his tragedy naturally offers a wider scope, and the more so because Irving has carved a method of his own, and, like all the greatest professors of his art, can be contrasted with and compared to no

man. His methods are part of himself; and his imitators copy him at their peril, for nothing seems easier and nothing is more impossible.

Among those artists who have represented Henry Irving, many, and those of note, conspicuously fail in suggesting the extraordinary subtlety of his face. Thus Sargent, to mention no other of admitted merit, never did anything more unfortunate and uninteresting

than his portrait of the tragedian exhibited some seasons ago in the Royal Academy. But two, at least, of the great black-and-white draughtsmen have proved more successful, and both Mr. Bernard Partridge and Mr. F. Barnard hand down to posterity fine and truthful portraits of the greatest living English actor in many of his most famous impersonations.

The Macbeth of Mr. Partridge is full



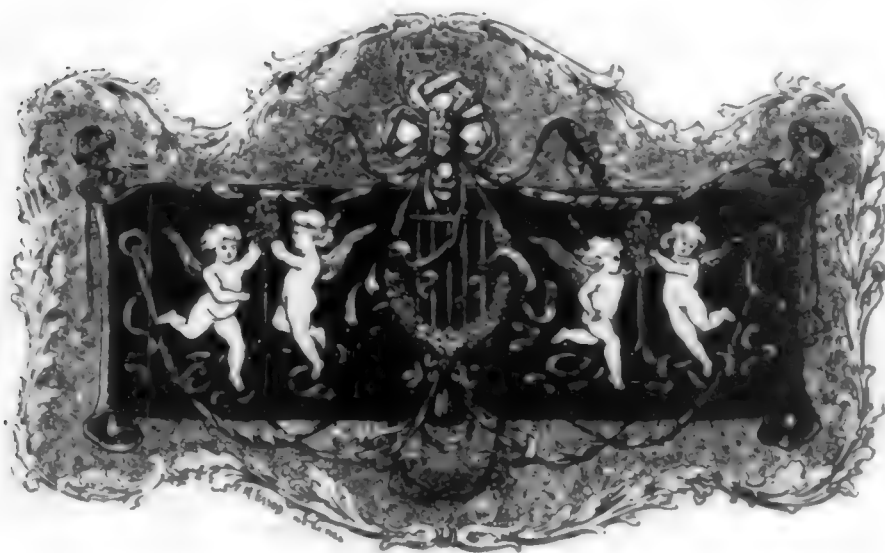
KING LEAR

of strength, and the pose free and alive; while even finer is the same artist's Lear—a really magnificent study revealing to perfection the air of inner mystery which for ever sits on the face of Henry Irving. Contrast the virile manhood in every line of the upright figure of Macbeth with the almost senile bend, and huddle of old age in the Lear. Mr. Barnard's Eugene Aram is likewise admirable. He has captured every frantic gesture of the tormented man.

The honour done by the State to Henry Irving, while a thing futile to absurdity viewed in connection with his services to art and the English stage, was yet received with extreme gratification, alike by his profession, and all

theatre-lovers, as marking happy judgment and good sense in the givers. An actor has never been officially honoured until Henry Irving was offered his knighthood, and recognising the compliment, therefore, for what it was worth in connection with the stage at large, he as representing his art in the noblest, loftiest and worthiest sense graciously deigned to accept it.

Our illustrations are given through the courtesy of Mr. John Macqueen, the publisher of *From "The Bells" to "King Arthur,"* an extremely interesting volume by Mr. Clement Scott, who has gathered within its pages his impressions of Lyceum first-nights from '71 to '95 as recorded at the time in the *Daily Telegraph*, and other journals.





EDINBURGH.

WRITTEN BY T. HALL.
ILLUSTRATED BY D. Y. CAMERON.

THE proud claim of the ancient capital of Scotland to the title, "The Modern Athens," scarce finds sufficient justification in the simulacrum



THE UNIVERSITY

of the Acropolis which crowns the Calton Hill. In literature the golden day of Sir Walter has passed through the twilight of Christopher North to a night illumined but by the stars of a Masson and a Skelton. Since the death of the author of *Rab and his Friends*, and the passing of Professor Blackie—though Edinburgh has almost a school of historians—literature pure and simple has scarce a representative. To the end Stevenson, greatest literary son of Edinburgh since Scott, loved his birthplace as only an Edinburgh man can; but for all his later years the city of his fathers was far away, and he had no part in its domestic history.

The ancient Athens was supreme not only in literature, but in politics and in Art. The modern has ceased for nearly two centuries to play any but the most commonplace of parts in the political life of the Empire. Its drab history, indeed, has been relieved by but two incidents since the Union: the one when Prince Charles came to Holyrood, the other the great ecclesiastical turmoil of half-a-century ago. On these two occasions Edinburgh was again a capital, and set the tune to Scotland. Now, in politics, it is but a glorified county town. In short, for nearly three centuries the capital of the Stuarts has been more or less provincial. For the hundred years between the Union of the Crowns and the Union of the Parliaments, save during the brief usurpation of Cromwell it still retained something of its ancient state, but since 1707 its national supremacy has gone, and year by year

London becomes not merely the capital of the Empire, but the capital of Scotland. There are more Scotsmen in London than in Edinburgh: and though Edinburgh has lost in prestige and social and political importance, the gain has been, if not for Scotland, at any rate for Scotsmen.

In Art, Scotland has no proud past: here the present shows little falling off.

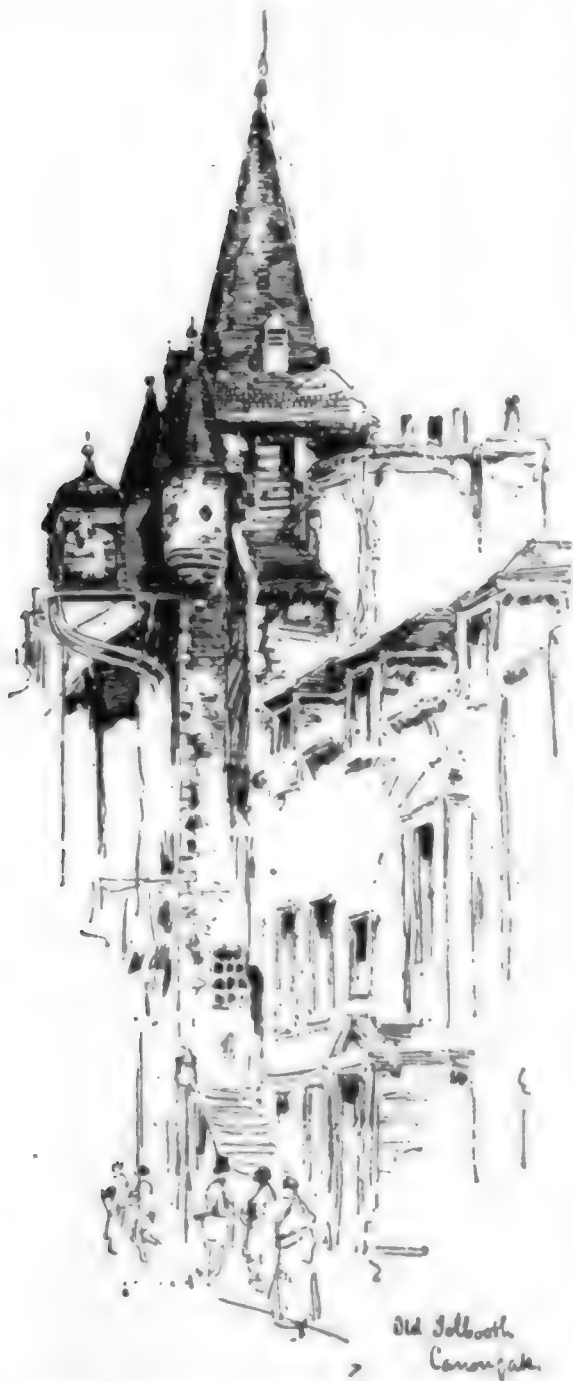
A Jameson, a Raeburn, and some landscape painters found no claim to the inheritance of Praxiteles. To-day the Art life of Scotland is fresh and vigorous: thanks, however, not to Edinburgh, but to the fact that a group of young men more or less connected with Glasgow studied at the same time in the Paris studios. The Glasgow School is celebrated all over Europe, and its



LORD ROSEBERRY

From a photograph by Dickinson and Foster

contributions to the annual exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy redeem that institution from provincialism. It is a curious repetition of the influence France has had on Scotland, for



though Velasquez be the god of their idolatry, the Barbizon School has really had the shaping force on most of the work of the Glasgow men. Of course, London has attracted, and will attract, many successful—though not possibly the best—of Scottish artists as of Scottish men of letters. For in literature, in every branch save Scottish history, London is the loadstone. The part

played by Scotsmen in the conduct of London journals is on a par with their part in the conduct of the Empire. And even the writers of the Kailyard School find that they have more honour in the capital of the Empire than in their own romantic town. They follow their distinguished leader South—for though Edinburgh educated Mr. J. M. Barrie—it could not keep him amongst her sons. In science alone is Edinburgh before her past. Her University is her one remaining hope. Deprive her of the Law Courts and the Professors, and society would be intolerable, reputation would be extinct, and a romantic history would alone remain. The University, however, is still on the onward track. With a revenue of quarter of a million, with some three thousand students and an increasing number of teachers, Edinburgh University is now the greatest institution in Scotland, and bids fair to distance Oxford and Cambridge in achievement: for now, at last, after three hundred years, research, literary and historical, as well as scientific, is being recognised as one of the main functions of a great seat of learning. The chief products of Edinburgh are men, books, and beer: its chief manufactory is the University, but its printing houses and its publishers still enable it to claim to be the second literary centre of the Empire. The names of Blackwood, Constable, Chambers, Clark and Douglas still, with many others, carry on the traditions of the town. In fact, as regards the mechanical part of book-making, the golden age of Scott was, compared with the present, the day of small things. The *Scotsman* is the great journalistic output of Edinburgh—no London daily, save the *Times* alone, can compare with the *Scotsman* in the amount and accuracy of its news. Its leading articles, however, while solid in information, are somewhat lacking in literary grace. The other side of politics is represented by a well conducted evening journal, the *Evening News*. With all this present lack of distinction in literature and art Edinburgh can still boast a cultured society living in a literary atmosphere. Less donnish, less scholarly perhaps; than Oxford—more in touch with the world—the society of Edinburgh is less provincial than that of any other town in the Empire. It is, however, essentially professional—lawyers, phy-



THE MONTROSE MONUMENT IN ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL.
From a photograph by Bedford Lemere and Co., Strand.

sicians, and, not least important, clergymen, with a sprinkling of soldiers; politicians, public officials, and representatives of county families compose what Edinburgh folks are pleased to regard as their *monde*. Wealth, with no other claim to back it, has fewer social advantages in the Scottish capital than anywhere else in Britain. In fact, the merely rich instead of being courted, as in London, are looked at askance, and the wealthy brewers and distillers, who are the millionaires of the Scots as of

the Irish city, find, curiously enough, a heartier welcome in the counties than in the town.

Scotland's place in the Empire may, from time to time, be brought vividly before the man in the Edinburgh street. That short figure in the "pot"-hat was Prime Minister some months ago; that tall man in the furred coat on the steps of the New Club is the First Lord of the Treasury—hurrying—no, Mr. Balfour cannot hurry—but proceeding to catch a train to Dunbar for a round of golf

before he goes home to Whittingham. Lord Wemyss, the Marquis of Lothian, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the Earls of Stair, Camperdown, Haddington, and Hopetoun, are all frequent figures on Edinburgh streets, and remind us that Scotland still gathers her sons of all ranks about her capital.

So much has been written of the outward appearance of the place that few

is, but no city in the world owes less to its civic rulers and more to nature—still triumphant in spite of all the mistakes of generation after generation of Town Councillors. Imagine a Londoner's feelings were it proposed to drain the lake in St. James's Park and remove Westminster Abbey to find room for a railway station. This, however, is on a smaller scale exactly what



MR. BALFOUR

From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

can fail to be familiar with the Castle, Holyrood, the Scott Monument, and Arthur's Seat. The ancient church of St. Giles, the brand new cathedral of the Episcopal Church, Heriot's Hospital, the stately new buildings of the University, including the magnificent *Aula*, built by Mr. McEwan, one of the M.P.'s for the city, at a cost of £100,000; these are some of the architectural works of the city on which it prides itself. Beautiful, Edinburgh undoubtedly

happened in Edinburgh. At the foot of the Castle Rock stretched a lake—now there is a railway; while on the site of the Waverley Station stood Trinity College Church, a delicate Gothic edifice built and endowed by Queen Mary of Guise—certainly the most beautiful monument in Edinburgh. The acts of vandalism which gave rise to these "improvements" have their sequence to-day, when the gardens in the very heart of the city are curtailed first on

one side that tramways may ruin the comfort and appearance of the finest street in the world, and then, on the other, that the North British Railway may extend its borders and increase its dividends. The Caledonian Company has not been without its share, too, in the more recent destruction of the picturesque, for it has built a great handsome red stone station at the very end of Princes Street, blocking up the Castle Rock itself. Even the church has not been behind. Below the Castle, within a stone's throw of the gate to which Claverhouse rode before he left Edin-

course, the fault of Edinburgh people themselves. The civic crown offers no attractions to a future judge or to a University Professor, and the Town Council is almost entirely composed of shop-keepers, whose lack of art and letters is not counterbalanced by breadth of view or length of vision. To the Town Council Edinburgh owes one distinction—its streets are the worst paved of any city in Europe—except, possibly, Belgrade.

Edinburgh has, however, two charms which can never fail. The one its situation, with the sea before it and the



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE

burgh for ever, has stood since the Tenth century the Church of St. Cuthbert. Originally a chapel, then a simple low Gothic church, then a plain and inoffensive barn, the Saxon Saints' shrine is now replaced by a monstrous palladian theatre which some three thousand worshippers crowd every Sunday. On the other side, too, an effectual attempt has been made to detract from the beauty of the Castle and to destroy one of the literary associations of Edinburgh by the building about and around Allan Ramsay's unpretentious villa a great block of yellow-walled, red-roofed residential flats.

That such things should be is, of

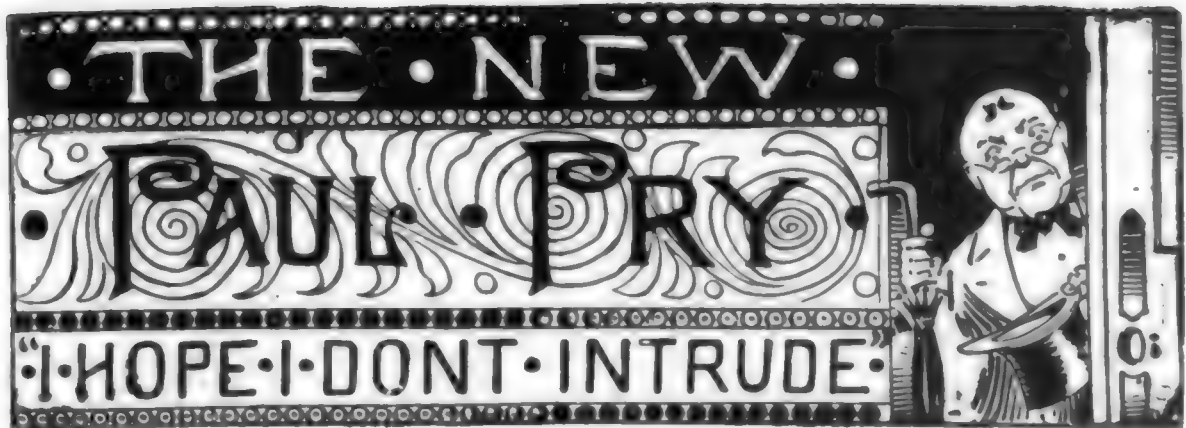
mountains behind; the other its romantic history. If ever place be haunted, it must be Edinburgh. Queen Margaret, Queen Mary, the gay and gallant James IV., that strange and ill-understood James VI. and I., Knox, Moray, Montrose, Argyll, the First and Second Charles, James II., and last, Charles X. of France (the last of the Bourbons), inhabiting the rooms tenanted not so very long before by another Charles, the last of the Stuarts. Then the literary ghosts would be a strange and yet a glorious company: Dunbar, Gavin Douglas, Sir David Lindsay—all of whom, as Professor Masson tells us, had their habitual residence in Edinburgh—



usher in the throng, for throng it is. Then, with Knox, comes George Buchanan. Napier of Merchiston follows to begin the line of men of science. Drummond of Hawthornden rekindles the touch of poetry, with Allan Ramsay catches smouldering; and then come David Hume, Blair, Henry Mackenzie, Dugald Stewart, and so on till the greatest of them all, Sir Walter. Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Horner, Lord Brougham, De Quincey, Christopher North, and Carlyle, are all names inseparably associated with Edinburgh: their houses or their graves are there. And then there is, alas! another who, more than any save Sir Walter himself, was essentially an Edinburgh boy, though his grave is in another hemisphere, and it is already long since he sat in the College classrooms or sunned himself in Heriot Row. To him "her very dust was dear." "When I forget the Edinburgh street-lamps," wrote Stevenson, "may my right hand forget its cunning."

Edinburgh is still the chief seat for the administration of law in Scotland. The Supreme Court consists of thirteen Judges, who constitute five Courts of First Instance, and two co-ordinate Courts of Appeal. The Parliament House—built in the reign of Charles I., but entirely altered in the present century as regards its exterior, is one of the sights of Edinburgh. It is the place of rendezvous for counsel, agents, and suitors; and here, every day during session, some three hundred gentlemen of the long robe may be seen talking scandal, arranging golf matches, and, in the case of the minority who are so fortunate, discussing their causes. The Scottish Bench has always been a pride of Scotland, while the social position of the limbs of the law in Scotland owes much to the fact that for long it has been the custom of Scottish noble families to have at least one member in training for the Bench.





INVESTIGATIONS AT LORD'S.

WITH MR. J. A. MURDOCH.

IN June we are all thinking of cricket. There are things in the newspapers which are not cricket; but when we open our morning journal the first thing we want to know is whether Grace is up to his usual form, and how the Australians are getting on. The newsboys know their public; and though thrones should totter and ultimatums be cast abroad like confetti, the man who made 500 in an innings would be screamed from end to end of London; nor could President Kruger, or President Cleveland, or the Kaiser himself, do anything which would overshadow his glory.

It struck me to visit the Metropolis of Cricket. More than once I had visited Lord's Cricket Ground. I had sunned myself at the Eton and Harrow match. I had stood on tiptoe to catch a fleeting glimpse of the man who was fielding long leg for Oxford. But I had not investigated the business side of the Marylebone Cricket Club. I had seen the play; but I had not made the acquaintance of the stage carpenter, the acting manager, and the limelight man. That in itself, so soon as it occurred to me, was enough to make me uneasy. And so I took train one sunny morning for St. John's Wood. Lord's, when there is no match in progress, is a very solemn place. A solemn policeman met me at the gate, and said there was no play to-day. There was none. It was work—serious, solemn work. In the middle of the pitch some men were thoughtfully sprinkling water upon the turf, while another looked on critically.

At one end of the ground some batsmen at the nets were earnestly defending their wickets against the attacks of bowlers who bowled with the regularity and the disinterestedness of a Hoe machine. I walked to the Pavilion, which you doubtless know from the outside, though you may never have walked up the steps with the applause of some thousand pairs of hands in your ears, and a century to your credit. Inside the Pavilion there reigned the solemnity and decorum of a Government office. Clerks were adding up rows of figures, telegraph messengers passed silently and swiftly in and out, and in the centre of all sat Mr. J. A. Murdoch.

Mr. Murdoch no longer, I believe, plays cricket himself; but he is the cause of an immense deal of cricket in others. Living in one of the houses which fringe the ground, and passing his working life in his office in the Pavilion, he has his finger, winter and summer, on the pulse of the cricket world. Mr. Murdoch was busy when I arrived, for it was Saturday morning, and all manner of people—among them several women—were streaming in to get their wages. But he found time to show me the arrangements of the Pavilion. The ground floor is devoted mainly to offices, reading and writing rooms, and a long room in which the general meetings are held. On the walls of every room are hung cricketing pictures, photographs of elevens, of famous matches, engravings of school cricket grounds, portraits of the Presi-

dents of the Marylebone Cricket Club, and so forth. Among the most interesting are portraits of such eminent cricketers of the past as Mr. Alfred Mynn, Fuller Pitch, and Lillywhite, all of them in the regulation top-hat and duck trousers of the period. There are also several dozens of pencil sketches of the most prominent of contemporary amateurs and professionals. They were sketched by Mr. Wilson for a book which, I believe, never came to the birth. Upstairs is a hive of dressing-rooms, bath-rooms, and hospitals for bats, old and new, which you might see being nursed, doctored, and treated with massage.

I asked Mr. Murdoch how many people were employed at Lord's. He gave me a blank copy of the wages sheets. The list started with something over fifty bowlers who are in the pay of the M.C.C., bowlers whose names you see day by day in the cricket reports. Then there were ground boys—who field at the nets—attendants and charwomen, besides secretaries and clerks. The whole staff numbered over a hundred.

"But all these are not working all the year round," I said.

"Not all of them," said Mr. Murdoch. "The bowlers are engaged only for the four months of the cricket season, from the beginning of May to the end of August. But a large proportion of the staff, of course, must be here always. You see, there are racquet-courts and a tennis-court, which have to be looked after. Then the winter is the time for arranging the programme of the next season's county matches, and all this involves a deal of correspondence."

"But it must entail considerable expense," I suggested. "Where does the money come from?"

"Well," said Mr. Murdoch, "practically every amateur who plays, or has ever played in first class cricket is a member of the M.C.C., and besides there are a lot of members who have a merely platonic affection for the game. Altogether there are about four thousand members, and as each pays £3 a year, you will see that the result is a respectable income. Then there is the gate money, which amounts to a pretty big sum, as you will believe if you have ever seen the crowd at the 'Varsity match. Besides that there are profits from odds and ends, such as the sale of match-cards

and so forth. Financially the M.C.C. is as sound as a bell."

"Then you never have any difficulty in sending out an eleven of the M.C.C. to play public schools and——"

"None whatever. That you will understand is the business of the Committee. But there are always plenty of gentlemen ready for a match. And as there are members of the M.C.C. in every corner of the kingdom—I might say of the world—it is easy enough to plant down an eleven where it is wanted. Then, of course, we have always plenty of spare professional players on the spot who can be sent at an hour's notice anywhere."

"The club, then, is, as it were, the M.C. of cricket?"

"The M.C.C. of cricket," corrected Mr. Murdoch, gravely.

WITH TOM HEARNE.

Thereupon I sought out Tom Hearne, the head bowler at Lord's. He was sitting peacefully in a comfortable room in the basement of the Pavilion, the walls of which were decorated with the every-day clothes of the professionals who were now toiling in the sun at the other end of the ground. On the table lay an exhausted bowler asleep.

"Your name is a pretty well known one in cricket," I remarked. "Do all the Hearnies spring from the same parent stock?"

"They all belong to one family," said Hearne, "and I may say I am the founder of the family so far as cricket is concerned. All the players of that name are sons, or grandsons, or nephews of mine."

"You could play a family eleven, I presume?"

"Yes. The Hearnies play a match every year at Ealing, where I live."

"Are you a Middlesex man?"

"No. The general impression is that we are a Kentish family, because the Hearnies have been rather prominent in Kentish cricket. But I was born in Hertfordshire, and used to play cricket on the Green at Chalfont St. Peter. However, I came to Ealing, and became a Middlesex man by residence. In 1857 I played in an All England match here at Lord's, and the next year I was engaged as bowler. I've been here ever since—twenty years or so as head bowler."

"And do you bowl still?" I asked, for the old age of Tom Hearne, like the old age of the gods, is fresh and green.

"Of course, I *can* bowl," said Hearne. "But it hurts me when I come down hard on this leg"—he stroked his left knee—"and my fingers get a bit numb. My business is to look after the other

"Then how do you arrange the bowler's working day?"

"They are supposed to be here at ten, and they leave at half-past six. But, of course, they are not at work all the time. We don't want to spoil our bowlers. And when a fresh man is wanted I don't send out one who has just come off."



MR. J. A. MURDOCH

From a photograph by Henry Ashdown, South Kensington

bowlers, mark the attendance-sheet, and see that the gentlemen are properly served. You see, when a gentleman comes here for practice he generally wants a particular kind of bowling to play. Say he wants a medium and a fast left-hand; well, I look around and send him out a medium and a fast left-hand."

"And supposing a player wants to go and play in an important match elsewhere, can he get off?"

"Certainly. The rule is for him to send in his name to the Committee on Monday morning, and he usually gets leave. You see the M.C.C. does all it can for the interests of cricket everywhere. In the case of a sudden sum-

mons I can give a bowler leave off myself unless he is specially wanted. That little chap over there, for instance, has just got leave to go over to Ireland to play in a match."

"Extra pay is given for matches, I suppose?"

"Of course; and the more important the match the more the professional gets. So, you see, a man is always trying to play his best, because the better he plays the more matches he has and the more he earns."

"Then cricketing is a pretty good trade?"

"It is and it isn't," said Hearne thoughtfully. "While the season lasts it's good enough, but what is the player to do with himself for the rest of the year. It's not so easy to find an employer who will let him off for four months and then take him back again. That's the mistake that a lot of these youngsters make. They haven't a trade of their own, and it's very bad for a young chap to be doing nothing for more than half the year. A good many of the north countrymen are miners—Mycroft is a miner, and works all the autumn and winter. But a lot of them simply loaf about. Now I have been a tailor all my life. I've got my business going on all the year round at Ealing, and the consequence is I've been able to live comfortably, and bring up my boys, and there's a bit to leave 'em when the umpire gives me "out."

"Do you have any trouble to keep all these men in order?"

"None at all, they're steady fellows. I'm supposed to report them to the Committee if they disobey orders, or misconduct themselves. But I don't think I've ever had to report a man. You see the men here are the pick of the profession, and they are rather proud of being at Lord's."

"I suppose Lord's to-day is an improvement on Lord's of 1857."

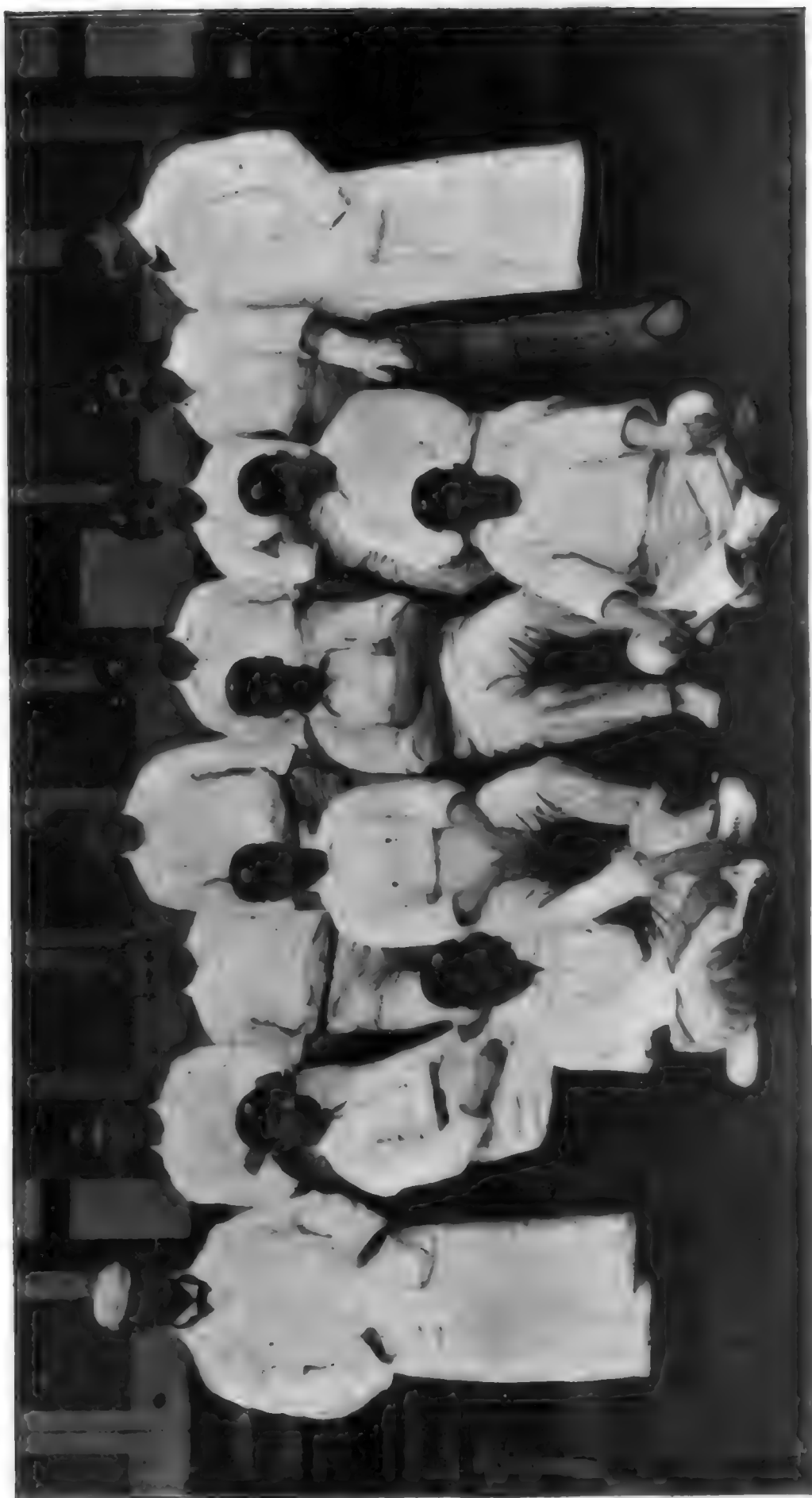
"Ah, there's a lot of changes. This Pavilion wasn't here then, only a sort of wooden shanty. And when I first came here there were only eleven bowlers employed. Now there are fifty-four. The ground then belonged to Mr. Dark. But in a few years the Marylebone Club took it over entirely."

"There is no fear of the new railway annexing Lord's?"

"O, no. It's going to run along the edge of the ground. But when it's finished we are going to have an extra bit of ground over there, and that will come in useful for the nets. No, thank, I won't drink. I was born in a public, and I wouldn't take one now if you gave it me free."

As I left the ground men were still solemnly watering the pitch, batsmen were still earnestly defending their wickets, and bowlers were still sending down their balls with the dispassionate precision of the Hoe machine. For Englishmen take their sports—not perhaps sadly—but very seriously.





THE YORKSHIRE CRICKET TEAM

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. J. WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM

Theatres and Music-Halls.

VALLI-VALLI.

THE beautiful child-actress, of whom two portraits are here given, has now arrived at the mature age of seven, and in these days of the glorified amateur there are adult ladies playing leading parts who might well

she toured all over the Continent in *Morocco Bound*, and was conspicuously successful. Then she sang with her sister (whose portrait is also given), in Drury Lane pantomime. Her latest appearance was on the operatic stage at Drury Lane, where she sang in *The Lady*



VALLI-VALLI AND HER SISTER



VALLI-VALLI

From photographs by Hana, Strand

envy her her dramatic experience. At four years old she began to sing in drawing-rooms, and in 1894 she created the child's part in Austin Fryer's *Gentle Ivy*. In the same year she sang before no less a person than Patti, and the diva's delight found vent in the exclamation "O you darling, come and kiss me." Last year

of *Longford*, playing her part with an intelligence and a delicious self-possession which are things to remember. The stage-child is usually a thing to set the nerves of the sensitive upon edge, and make a misery out of what should be an enjoyment. Valli-Valli is the exception which makes you all the more despe-

tely certain that the rule needs no proving when, after seeing her, you recall other children whom you have watched upon the stage.

MISS MARGUERITE SYLVA.

Miss Marguerite Sylva, who recently made her first appearance on any stage when she appeared at the Crystal Palace in *Carmen*, is the daughter of a well-known English doctor settled in Brussels. At twelve years old she had become a clever pianist; but her ambitions were always towards the stage, and she was often punished for rehearsing before a looking-glass for her own amusement. She developed a voice, and studied under the care of the cantatrice to the Court of Holland. Finally, by the advice of

engagement to endure over a period of five years. This she accepted, with the result that her *début* at the Crystal Palace was followed by a successful appearance at Drury Lane.



MISS MARGUERITE SYLVA

THE SISTERS PERCY.

The two ladies whose heads might seem to have been severed by some remorseless tyrant, were their expression a shade less animated, are rather better known in the provinces than in London. Their first real engagement was to join a touring company organised by Mr. Harry Monkhouse to play the burlesque *Larks* throughout the country. This tour

lasted six months, and the two sisters have now rejoined Mr. Monkhouse after a lapse of several years. In the interval they have appeared at most of the variety halls,



THE SISTERS PERCY

From a photograph by W. Avenell & Co., Brighton

Sir Simeon and Lady Stuart, she came to England, and was introduced to Sir Augustus Harris. She had the good fortune to win his approbation by her singing, and was immediately offered an

and have made the inevitable trip to South Africa under the auspices of Mr. Luscombe Searelle. They have appeared in pantomime at some of the best provincial theatres, and, looking at the

photographs, you will realise that on one occasion the subject of the pantomime was *Ali Baba*. They are Americans.

MISS LETTY LIND.

It was a happy thought to make the gay and happy life of a Japanese tea-house the subject of a musical comedy, and the authors of *The Geisha*, which is

the art of being amusing, and every man who ever visited Japan and recorded his impressions in print has reserved his choicest encomiums for her. One need not have a very long memory for matters theatrical to remember a long list of pieces which were rendered delightful by Miss Letty Lind, and though London's *Geisha* is vastly too popular to be mor-



MISS LETTY LIND IN "THE GEISHA"

From a photograph by W. & D. Downey

now filling Daly's Theatre to the roof night after night, must have felt, when they made one of their English characters put on the costume and enact the part of a geisha that only Miss Letty Lind could properly carry out their intentions. The geisha, in her own country, is a lady who lives to lighten the leisure of all who can pay for the privilege of her company after dinner; she makes a business of

polished by any audience so limited as that which gathers in a tea-house, you feel it a singularly appropriate accident by which she finds herself at last in Japanese costume. Yet there is a little room for regret. A man can scarce reconcile himself, after so long a time, to a London in which it is no longer possible to hear Miss Letty Lind sing her "Tomtit" song of an evening.



ON LONDON'S RIVER
DRAWN BY H. C. SETTING WRIGHT

With the Moonlighters.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

THE moon is hiding behind two grey clouds, as though the impudence of the steamboat people in advertising her assistance without due consultation had annoyed her. One or two very young men, enlivened by the brief rest at Richmond, have already complained to the walnut-faced captain about it, and the walnut-faced captain has told them definitely that he can't help it. It's nothing to do with him. All he's got to do is to get the *Camelia* back to London Bridge before midnight and that's quite enough for him. "Don't you go worrying me about the moon," says the walnut-faced captain to the very young men, "but jest you go and join in the 'armony aft." The *Camelia*, with its awning covered deck and its red warning lamp, and its lighted saloon below, rushes on past Kew Gardens, and the people on board sniff appreciatively and say, "Now you can smell the country if you like!"

Under the awning, the transverse garden seats are full; the occupants are mostly sober young couples who show no signs of annoyance at the necessity of sitting very close to each other. At the end a large, important young man in a silk hat just a little too small for him; before him a table; on the table a tumbler of whisky and water, a wineglass containing cigars, and two exhausted fairy lamps. Near him an affected youthful lady is sipping daintily with extended little finger at a glass of port, which she replaces on the table with a wry face, as one who has been tasting medicine.

"I thank the gentleman who sung last," shouts the Chairman in the insufficient silk hat, "and I now beg to call upon a lady friend to give us a song."

Cheers from the garden seats. Cheers from the small crowd standing at the side. Faint cheers also from the other end of the steam-boat.

"Song will be entitled," bawls the Chairman, "I cannot forget the old homestead!"

The affected young lady looks up at the white awning which forms a ceiling, fixes her eye on a slight rent, and sings in a high offended voice, as one labouring under a personal grievance.

*As I pace through the manshin and
Stroll through the park
And list to the suitors galore,
My thoughts often wander, as
Thoughts sometimes will,
To the 'omestead I dwell in of yore.
For there in my child'ood—*

At the other end of the *Camelia* there is some attempt at dancing, and a short boy with a talent for whistling is giving melody to one or two couples who shuffle uneasily around the insufficient space. The couples complain of each other's want of dexterity, and point out errors in deportment, and presently they give up the game sulkily, and go to the middle and speak to a grimy, red-shirted man who has popped up out of the engine-room for a breath of air, and ask him with some acrimony how much longer it'll be before they get to London, for goodness sake. The grimy, red-shirted man replies curtly that the *Camelia* will get there all in good time; and that a steamboat ain't a swaller on the wing, and it's no use thinking it is.

*The cottage I loved, O! so well,
I recall as a child, how my parents so
mild,
There treasured (pause, and break in
voice) their own darling Nell.*

The Chair raps enthusiastically, and leads with his astonishing voice the repetition of the chorus:

*I kennot forget the old homestead,
The cottage—*

The Chair is fond of oratory, and he explains elaborately, after the lady has finished her song, that though there are professionals on board, engaged for the purpose of enhancing—if he may so term it—of enhancing the gaiety of the

trip, yet he would like it to be understood that the help of any amateur lady and gentlemen would be welcomed.

"Let us," says the Chair, oratorically, "let us never forget the old adage—the old old saying, which is as true now as it was when it was first spoke—let us never forget, I say, that ancient saying which is to the effect that—that—well, I don't remember the exact words, but I daresay you know the one I mean. Beg to call upon," adds the Chair, with something of hurry, "Mr. Tom Whiffle for a stirring recitation."

Mr. Tom Whiffle is downstairs in the saloon. He is sent for, and he comes up slowly and importantly—a heavy, middle-aged professional, wiping his lips and clearing his throat. He strides up by the side of the seats to the Chairman's table, and, resting one fist on that table, and placing his other hand in his waistcoat, he frowns in the dim light at the audience. Then, very loudly—so loudly that young couples get closer to each other for company, he announces the title, "The Bloody Hand"! Mr. Whiffle relents a little, and offers an alternative title, with an American twang, "or how Abigail Smith traced Bill Price of Californy." It is a dialect piece, and the dialect is very strong indeed; but even the dialect is not stronger than the *motif*. Bill Price of Californy, in committing one or two minor murders, was careless enough to leave the imprint of his hand on a white counterpane. Miss Smith it is who cuts this out, and by its aid tracks Mr. Bill Price down:

"Now look right yere," says Abby Smith,
and she give a kinder smile,
"I guess I've got a photograph of you;
Leastways, Bill Price, it's of your hand,
you boundin' scorchin' skunk!"
And Bill he sorter shrunk into his shoe.

The recitation frightens everybody. When it is over, ladies shiver and say that they wish they were home. It isn't a nice time, they say, to be on the river. There's no telling what might happen. The gas lights marking the outline of the Embankment slightly reassure these, but the effects of the recitation does not quickly pass, and the Chairman, noting this, calls on a youth for a song. On Chelsea Bridge a crowd of three boys look down and cheer, and drop pebbles on the awning,

and then, with sudden change of manner, rushing to the other side assail the *Camelia* with much contumely and tell it wrathfully to go home.

The youth fixes his cap the wrong way round: spins his walking stick by the centre, rubs his chin and says loudly, "Begorra," One's worst fears are confirmed. The youth is going to sing an Irish song.

*Did ye iver hear the tale, boys, of
O'Brien's birthday party
When the guests thay turned the doining
room inter a Donnybrook?
There was Patrick Whelan's eldest boys
they shtarted first the barney,
Then everybody's head somehow got most
seavairly broke.
Then Bridget O'Maloney she——*

Those who have sung already are rather inclined to resent the excitement that the amateur boy shows; they look at him with an amazed air, click their lips, and turn up their coat collars and stare at the Embankment.

There is a red light in the sky over Chelsea way, and some one in the dusk says, optimistically, that he lays it's a fire. The suggestion cheers everybody. An old gentleman in a straw hat and black frock coat is obstinately in favour of Meekin's carriage works in King's Road; a boy says "what price the Stores in the Brompton Road;" and a middle-aged lady says she hopes it isn't St. James's Palace, that's all. The original discoverer, annoyed at the wild shooting says, defiantly, that if its anywhere, its jest by Sloane Square. Mate of *Camelia*, being appealed to by excited debaters, damps everybody's spirits by replying briefly, "Always there. Factory works."

"Time getting short," bawls the Chair. "I think I shall be giving voice, if I may so express myself, to the popular wish if I call upon our old friend and well known professional who has already obliged once or twice in the course of the evening—I refer" (with burst of confidence) "to my dear old friend, Banks. If my dear old friend Banks will only consent to sing my old favourite; 'Tumbling 'ome at two a.m.,' I shall feel greatly obliged."

The patient pianist plays gay festive chords. Mr. Banks, youth in evening dress with carefully oiled, carefully parted, carefully flattened hair, steps

briskly up, puts on his silk hat and nods to the pianist. The Chair leans forward with elbows on table: an attitude of interest copied by others. An astonishing voice, Mr. Banks's, produced mainly through the nose: a voice calculated to rouse Vauxhall from its slumbers and to keep Nine Elms awake.

*Tumbling 'ome at two a.m.
That's the hour for us,
Each of us a perfect gem
At raising of the dust.*

Suddenly the Moon appears. The Moon's idea is to show the *Camelia* what it could have done all the evening if it had been so pleasantly minded. The passengers on board look up at the Moon and blink and seem inclined to think after all that they have not been cheated.

"What did I tell you?" asks the walnut-faced captain, confidently.

Big Ben looks down at the *Camelia* swishing along the dark river, and folk on Westminster Bridge hurrying home from the play stop a moment to rest their chins on the railings and listen to Mr. Banks. Some of the passengers are asleep, the hour being past their usual bed time, and their companions use main force and violence to arouse them.

"James dear. Wake up, why don't you? 'Ere's London, and we're nearly home. Do wake up and take your foot off my dress, there's a dear. You've bin fast asleep this 'alf hour."

James rubs his eyes and asks all in one word "Whereami?"

"Oh, never mind where you are dear, but do wake up and keep awake. If it 'adn't been for me you would have slept on till Domesday!"



HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE

DRAWN BY CHARLES WILKINSON

"My First Appearance."

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

I.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

"ALL I can remember in regard to my First Appearance," said Mr. George Alexander, "is that I knew very few of my words when I got on the stage, and made up my mind to retire from it altogether after the performance. Perhaps some of your readers will express the wish that I had not changed my mind!"

I replied that I felt quite positive no reader of THE LUDGATE would be guilty of such a heresy. Then "the handsomest eyes in London" smiled, and Mr. Alexander consented to tell me the how and the why of his going on the stage.

"I was born at Reading, in 1858," he said, "my father being Scotch and my mother English. At the age of ten I was sent to Dr. Benham's school at Clifton, but on my father returning to Scotland in 1872 I commenced to attend the High School at Stirling. While I was still a scholar there took place my initial appearance, as the saying goes, 'on any stage.' This happened at beautiful Bridge-of-Allan, at the house of the late Mr. Davenport Adams. His son, since well-known as a dramatic critic, was the author of a classical

burlesque entitled *Jupiter Æger*. I was offered, and accepted, a small part in its production by a band of amateurs at his father's house, and this experience, trifling though it was, served to kindle in me a burning desire for histrionic distinction. I was fifteen years of age at the time, and at seventeen I left Stirling and was sent to Edinburgh to take up the study of medicine.

"Frankly, I didn't like it the least little bit in the world, and I said so. Without direct intervention of my own, however, my father altered his mind about my career, and after a couple of terms in the Scottish capital I proceeded to London and entered the office of a silk mercer, a friend of my father's. Once in the Metropolis, of course, I was enabled to indulge my bent for theatre-going to the full, so that I speedily developed into a first-nighter of the most pronounced and persistent type. How far the varied experience so gained may have

moulded my own methods as an actor, I leave you to judge."

Here let me interrupt Mr. Alexander's interesting narrative for a moment to mention how generous he is and can be



MR. ALEXANDER IN "SCHOOL"
From a photograph by H. Vandyk, Liverpool

when speaking of the much-belittled amateur actor. In his last Presidential Address to the George Alexander Dramatic Society at Leeds he took occasion to say:

"I am sufficiently young to be one of the actors who studied in the amateur school. For many years before I became a professional actor I devoted every hour I could steal from the commercial pursuits in which I was engaged—and which I studiously neglected—to the study of the stage; and blossoming into an amateur, I learned a great deal from the aid which the clubs to which I belonged obtained from professional coaches. Speaking from my own experience, one of the first pieces of advice I would give to any amateur dramatic club is, that the best available professional coach should be called in as stage manager. From the old theatrical hand more can be learnt in a couple of hours than will come in weeks

spent in the difficult task of finding things out for oneself. In the course of time the pupil may outstrip his master, but he will ever be thankful for a good grounding in the rudiments of his education."

"The Thames Rowing Club," continued Mr. Alexander, "of which I became a member, is, as you know, great on amateur theatricals. In their company, my Charles Courtley in *London Assurance*, and my Jack Wyatt in *The Two Roses*, were, I think, two of my best assumptions. But I will never forget what I owed, as Charles Courtley, to Mr. Henry Neville, while I would

also fain record my indebtedness to the late John Clarke and the late Horace Wigan; not to mention the kindness of Major Knox-Holmes, the genial 'Canterbury Stroller.' I had many laughable adventures as an amateur—notably once in *Hamlet*, when the wigs failed to arrive, while the prompt-man added to the general confusion and terror by making the clock of Elsinore Castle strike fourteen!"—and Mr. Alexander left off to laugh heartily at the recollection.

"But you will be wanting me to hurry on to my professional *début*. I was by this time fairly well known as an amateur, and in 1879 was asked to take part in *The Critic*, as played at Cromwell House under the auspices of Lady Freake. Mr. F. C. Burnand and the late Mr. Samuel Brandram both took part in the performance, which was one of the greatest successes that has ever fallen to a band of amateurs. This was the turning-point in my

life. People were exceedingly kind to me, notably Mrs. Stephens, once so celebrated herself. Therefore, on a night in September, 1879, I 'took the plunge' by appearing at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham, in Mr. Sydney Grundy's *The Snowball*."

It may be added that Mr. Alexander signed himself "George Alexander Gibb Samson" until the period of the Nottingham engagement. Then, acting on the advice of the agent who negotiated that engagement, and unlike his friend, Mr. Jones, when advised to be known as Mr. "Henry Arthur," he deleted the "Gibb Samson," and appeared to the world as



MR. ALEXANDER AS "FAUST"
From a photograph by Window and Groves



MR. ALEXANDER IN "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING ERNEST"

From a photograph by Alfred Ellis

George Alexander. One wonders whether a performance before her Majesty at Balmoral was included in those youthful dreams of his. From playing Faust to Irving's Mephistopheles to the management of the St. James's Theatre was but a step, and the rest was to follow. His stay with Sir Henry at the Lyceum he remembers with the utmost delight,

speaking of his old chief as his "master and friend." Yet, I fancy he would impress upon you, as he did upon me, that the actor's life is not entirely a bed of roses.

Mr. Alexander is one of the few prominent actors who wooed and won his wife outside the profession. He married in 1882 Miss Florence Theleur.



SHOPPING

DRAWN BY OSCAR WILSON



THANKLESS DAD.

TWO short weeks back Lucinda came to town, eager to buy new garments, to see fresh sights, and to cram into a month the pleasures of a year. To put the matter in her own words:

"As the only child of a widowed country rector, I must be grave and decorous for eleven months of the twelve: an you love me, let me be gay for a little."

So we dissipated for a space. The hansom knew us, as did the front seats of 'buses, the green chairs in the Park, the Queen's Hall Concerts, and the lighter pieces at the theatres. Our noses were flattened against the Regent Street shop-windows, where Lucinda had her pocket picked of a purse containing one and threepence, the purchase of a new French hat but a few moments earlier having providentially reduced the girl's available cash to that low ebb. The head-gear thus proved, as Lucinda cheerfully remarked, a clear saving of money.

One Tuesday evening Lucinda had returned glowing with delight from what she deemed a heavenly day on the Blair-Houghton's houseboat at Cookham. She had tossed off her hat—the new one, whose scarlet poppies framed her dark curling hair to perfection—had thrown herself among the cushions of the studio throne, and had just begun in most ecstatic mood to recount the glories of her visit when a letter was brought to her.

"It's from Dad," she said, looking up from the perusal with dolorous countenance. "And he wants me to engage rooms for him. He is coming up for the Meetings at Exeter Hall."

"He must come to us," was the

simultaneous exclamation of Mr. Babbington-Bright and myself.

"O, no, dear people, that would never do. You don't know Dad, he is an awful worry; even at home, where everybody studies him, he is always in a fidget; and in town he would be quite an infliction. He is a dear old Dad, you know," she added apologetically, "only he is a little difficult to please."

"But, Lucinda, dear, we would be so glad to try to make him comfortable," we pleaded. "Our household goes so smoothly and the maids are so attentive: he could have no possible objection to our menage."

"Would you really like to know your shortcomings from Dad's point of view?" retorted Lucinda, demurely. "Well, first of all, Mr. Babbington-Bright, you smoke."

"Admitted," responded my husband blowing a smoke-ring.

"Well, Dad can't breathe in a room that smells even the very least of tobacco."

"I'll knock off indoors for a week, and confine operations to the balcony."

"Then," here Lucinda looked mischievous, "you don't say grace before meat, and—that sort of thing; and when you took me to church on Sunday, the pew-opener wished to escort you to the seats reserved for visitors, and not until you had explanations would he allow you to take possession of your own pew. Now, Dad——"

"Say no more, my child," exclaimed the convicted sinner resignedly, "but begin your quest at once."

And assuredly to judge from Mr. Santhem's lists of requirements three days were all-too few wherein to find a dwelling with the desired qualifications.

The lodgings must have a southern exposure, must be airy yet free from draughts, must be without other lodgers or children, must be near a good church and a trustworthy physician, and must be within easy access of the District Railway and a 'bus route. Moreover, the cooking must be perfect and the attendance must be skilled; there must be a hot-and-cold bath adjoining the rooms, and the landlady must produce a sanitary certificate that the drains are in good order. Armed with a list of advertisements clipped from the local journal, Lucinda and I sallied forth next morning on our voyage of discovery.

One notice made special reference to the superior nature of the accommodation, as also of the large secluded garden. So to Delsarte Villa we hied first. It proved to be a small semi-detached house in a dull road. We hesitated, wavered, and finally knocked. The door was opened by a general servant, dishevelled of aspect and garrulous of tongue. A bang of untidy hair hung over her face; on the "bun" at the back of her head was perched a small, grimy cap, with long streamers. This badge of servitude was fastened to her hair with an immense pin whose ends protruded on either side her face. She welcomed us with volubility, and stated that, in the absence of her mistress, she would have great pleasure in showing us the rooms.

"This here is the droring-room." It was a small, stuffy place, crammed with furniture. The sofa and all the chairs were draped in turkey-red chintz, whereon many gay scenes were depicted in lively hues. On a table in the window was a stuffed dog covered with a glass shade. The hearthrug bore a noble representation of a lion-hunt, and words cannot express the ornate glow of the wall paper. The maid gazed round with an air of proud proprietary. "It is a sweet pretty room, ain't it? Missus don't 'ave the windows open because of the durst. it do blow in so."

Edging past a hall-stand that supported two moth-eaten foxes upholding a waste-paper basket, we ascended the narrow steps to view a poky chamber, whose entire floor space was well-nigh occupied with a giant wardrobe, an antiquated boot-jack, and a mahogany four-poster with faded damask curtains. Two texts, and a case of stuffed fish adorned the walls. From the

window we caught a glimpse of a patch of grass bordered by a brick wall in whose shade languished a few miserable shrubs; while at the further end three cats quarrelled over a fish-bone.

"That's the garding, miss. O! it is a beautiful place of an evenink." I fear we seemed a trifle unresponsive, for as we followed her down the stair, the maid felt it incumbent to burst into a flood of loquacious recommendation.

"I've bin in 'eaps of places 'fore I come 'ere, an' I never was in sich an 'appy 'ome. Them that comes 'ere is sure to like it. It's an 'appy 'ome, an' it's only thirty shillings a week."

"Are there any extras?" queried Lucinda, who evidently thought it necessary to express some interest.

"Well, Miss, there's gas, that's sixpence a burner, an' kitching fire 'alf-a-crown a week, and bed an' table-linings—"

"Is the cooking good?" we asked.

"Yes, miss, it is," decidedly and with an assumption of dignity, "I does the cooking."

Then relapsing into her early manner: "An' I does love work. I never feels 'appy hidle."

Possibly we looked incredulous; more probably the fact that the rooms she had shown us needed her ministrations badly occurred to her, for she added, hurriedly:

"I ham a bit behind this morning, owin' to being hout larst night; but most days I'm done by now."

And when we had shaken the dust of Delsarte Villa off our feet, her assurances that, did we return later, we would find her mistress at home, followed us down the street.

Canute Road was the next address on our list, and five minutes later we sat curiously scanning the contents of the reception room at No. 217. It was the common or villa drawing-room. Stalky palms, with their limbs decently draped in petticoats of crinkley paper, stood in corners. Knots of ribbon bound up the spars of little gilt chairs; photographs of ladies of the ballet were dotted about on small tables.

The rustle of a silk skirt, a whiff of patchouli, and the hostess entered the room. She had passed the bloom of youth, but her locks were golden still, and powder tenderly veiled the cruel ruts worn by the passage of time. Her tones were French, and her stockings tartan.

"Good - morning, madame. Pardon my asking if you require ze rooms for a lady or a gentleman. I mouch prefer ze gentleman."

We wanted lodgings for a gentleman, and said so. The rooms shown were quite suitable. Our insurmountable objection was to their owner, but it would have been difficult to convey that fact to her. So, temporising, we left. Drawing a deep breath when we got outside, Lucinda exclaimed:

"Fancy poor Dad in that siren's clutches! Ugh! come away!"

Our next venture introduced us to a German matron, plump, elderly, and capable. Her house was cheerful and clean, and Lucinda was on the point of arranging terms, when Providence intervened. A distant rumble and a piercing whistle was followed by a jarring noise that shook the house. As we listened, aghast with vague visions of earthquakes, the landlady observed placidly: "Ach! you hear de trains. Dey do pass at de foot of de garden here."

"O! that dreadful noise would kill Father in a night. He is so nervous," gasped Lucinda.

The good Frau smiled complacently. "De gentlemens not notice dem. One goot friendt has slept here dis dree, four year. He say dey not disturb him ever."

Time fails to tell of the abode of the drunken housewife; of the house redolent of paraffin oil; of the pleasant villa whereof the drains were up—"Not," averred its mistress, "because there is anything wrong. O, no! But just that I like to satisfy myself;" or to mention the apartments whose owner kept a Kindergarten on the ground floor. Suffice it to say that we were dismally retracing our steps homeward, when a chance inquiry at the baker's elicited the information that No. 74 in our own road had admirable lodgings to let. We surveyed them in the light of Mr. Santhem's requirements. There was a sunny sitting-

room, an airy bedroom with dressing-room attached, no other lodgers, no children, the landlady in person superintended the cooking, and so on to the pleasant end of the whole chapter.

Lucinda was so overjoyed that she let off steam by wiring to her parent "Eldorado found," a message that mystified the reverend Anthony most completely.

When Wednesday evening came Lucinda started triumphantly for the terminus, to meet her father and escort him to his haven. She got back just in time for dinner with her spirits damped.

"Does Mr. Santhem like the rooms?" we asked.

"Ye—es, but there is a laburnum in bloom in the front plot. I had quite forgotten that the perfume always gives him a headache."

"But that is merely an imaginary objection. Don't let it worry you."

"Well, I won't," said Lucinda brightening. "There was a cosy dinner ready for him. I left him weighing out his quantity of fried sole. You know he weighs all his food in a pair of scales he carries about with him, and as he believes talking bad for digestion I came away. O! and, Mrs. Babbington-Bright, he asked me to thank you so much for sending him down the wine jelly, but he never takes liquor in any form."

Early next morning a persistent knocking at my bedroom door aroused me, and I had a hurried talk with Lucinda on the landing.

"I've had a note from Father. He is quite upset, has had no sleep all night. There was a clock that ticked in his room, and at dawn a cock began crowing somewhere. He wants me to start home with him to-day. He thinks another night in London will kill him; and I'm off at once to do his packing."

"Poor little girl," murmured Mr. Babbington-Bright, as we heard the hall-door softly close behind her.

"Selfish old wretch," said I.

MURIEL BABBINGTON-BRIGHT.



The Fashions of the Month.

SINCE June is here summer may fairly be said to have begun; though May brought many charming foretastes of it. Cool and neat-looking for summer are white and cream-coloured alpacas. One worthy Henley is trimmed with narrow bands of shot silk, that look like ribbon, in navy-blue and fawn. Each of these bands is edged with black chain stitching, and is finished off top and bottom with military twirls of the stitching, so that the effect is exactly that of braiding. Bands of silk like this run down the coat bodice behind; a shorter one in the middle, and longer ones curving with the bodice seams on either side. Similar bands decorate each side of the skirt and edge its hem in front, while at the foot where side-seam and hem meet there is a pretty scroll-like device in the shot-silk and black stitching. The coat-bodice in front is supplemented by a vest of white ondine silk, with a cascade of creamy lace down the front. Square-shaped epaulette pieces edged with the silk band stand out over either sleeve. With this is a dead white straw toque trimmed with rosettes of navy-blue tulle, and bunches of mignonette would look well. Another pretty alpaca gown in cream-colour has a plain skirt, and a blouse bodice of printed gauze of rather large pattern in deep purple and gold tints. Rounded bits of alpaca resembling a zouave appear under each arm, but reveal the gauze bodice most fully both back and front. Quaintly-cut epaulettes of the alpaca stand out over the gauze sleeves, while a deep piece of creamy embroidery falls over the neck-band behind, and arranges itself in a cascade on either side of the bodice in front. A bow of the gauze under the chin and a broad black satin folded belt complete this costume. A gold-coloured straw hat, wide-brimmed and wreathed in black and white tulle, whence a few tall purple irises would rise at one side, might fittingly accompany this dress.

For simple morning wear grey and fawn alpacas are exceeding useful. A grey coat and vest with military braiding in white, and a vest of white pique with pearl buttons, cut away to reveal a white stand-up collar and a bow-tie of pale green brocade, is very neat and workmanlike; whilst a short fawn coat, with its full brief basque lined with pink silk, worn with a plain skirt and a vest of transparent open-worked grass lawn mounted on pink silk, is dainty and demure.

Our first illustration shows a pretty chiné silk gown, with irregular spots in shaded greens strewn on a maize silk ground. Two frills of gathered green satin ribbon edge the skirt. Braces and belt of green satin ribbon relieve the bodice, and fall thence in long ends over the skirt. The neck-band is of dark green satin, and the fichu of the loveliest, creamiest chiffon, fastened under large rosettes of green satin ribbon. Where the pretty sheath-like cuff opens out over the hand, it reveals a dark-green satin lining. The cream straw hat has a green satin crown, from beneath which Gloire de Dijon roses with glossy dark green leaves look out, a single creamy rose rests on the hair, and two tall shaded plumes stand up at one side.

Gauze blouses are perhaps the newest. Grass lawn is amazing popular, but the low prices whereat it is already sold foretell an early and a quick decay. Printed gauze is more delicate and expensive, and will thus retain its distinction longer. One of these, of a sombre pattern in dull reds and greens, has a broad, deep shoulder collar of black gauze with appliqué of cream guipure edged with iridescent sequins. The drooping shape of the collar, the quaint fall of the wide sleeve, remind one of the modes of Charles I. reign, and particularly of the charming portrait of Henrietta Maria in Dulwich Gallery.

The blouse in our next illustration is of chiné gauze, with an irregular device

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in pale pink on a pale blue ground. Black dots strewn all over it accentuate its delicacy, and the yoke and vest of embroidered guipure strewn with sequins of all shades, and mounted on pink satin, give richness and style to the garment. The cuffs and quaint outstanding collar are edged with quillings

of cream-coloured gauze, whilst the wide folded belt is of black satin. The cream straw hat is trimmed with shaded pink roses, and the brim is lined with pleated black gauze with appliqué of creamy guipure. Tall black and cream ospreys give the necessary touch of height.

Quite delightful is a gauze blouse

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NEW BLOUSE

with black satin stripes running horizontally across a maize-coloured ground. The blouse is drawn and ruffled about the neck; a bit of broad black satin ribbon forms the neck-band, and rufflings of the gauze rise above it. A circular frill of black satin ribbon edged both above and below with cream guipure

passes round the shoulders both back and front. But grass lawn, in spite of its popularity, is not to be despised. It is a charming material: light, durable, and becoming, especially when combined with some colour. Pretty skirts of grass lawn are being made with Valenciennes insertion crossing them at intervals

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A great deal. For instance, no good Cyclist would dream of riding a wheel that did not bear the name of that celebrated American wheel, the

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all the way up to the waist. These are usually lined with silk, say pink, and if worn with a silk blouse to match the lining are charming. The grass lawn cut out, and worked with white looks well if lined with pale green, and worn with a broad yoke collar of cream guipure laid over with pale green satin. Grass lawn with a white satin stripe, and made up with wide white satin bows at the neck and waist, and, perhaps, a fichu of white chiffon or net is excellent for young girls, whose fresh delicate colouring will be enhanced by these neutral tints.

Loose-backed jackets are full of temptations, and the home-made abominations one sees are truly awful. The whole secret of a loose-backed jacket is that it should hang in rather than hang out. It requires extra breadth across the shoulders, so that the straight portion below should by force of contrast hint agreeably at the waist. A loose-backed theatre jacket is useful because the largeness of the sleeves, and the lack of actual waist make it easily slipped on and off. A pretty one is of creamy guipure hanging over a shot fawn silk. The huge bishop sleeves are of fawn brocade o'er-twined with tiny roses. The yoke is of the brocade, and the stiff stand-out collar and turned-back cuffs are of guipure over pink satin.

A lovely and cool-looking dinner gown for a young girl is of pale green moiré shot with silver. It has a loose front of fine guipure strewn with diamonds. A triangle of pale green chiffon rosettes, one on either side of the bust, and one in the centre of the waist, is the only other decoration.

The most curious and interesting fashion this year is that which demands

an excrescence of some sort under either ear. Sometimes rosettes are placed there, sometimes the lace frill round the neck hangs out in a special peak there, or, again, the collar curves out into a square stiff tab on either side. Occasionally, if well managed, this little eccentricity has its graces, but still it is an eccentricity, and, as such, had best be avoided by the average women. Another note of the year is the tightened sleeve and the way it expands bell-like over the hand. This is rather a pretty fashion, and if the sleeve is slit up to permit an inner lace ruffle to escape, or a dainty silk or chiffon lining to reveal itself, all the better.

The figaro jacket is not yet dead, but combines itself in all sorts of unexpected ways with other things. For instance, a novel cape is one that forms itself into a rounded zouave in front. In black velvet, absolutely plain, save for its sumptuous brocade lining in white and dove-grey that reveals itself only in the high collar that stands up and back a little, and in the occasional flutter of the cape behind, its very simplicity gives it distinction. Very pretty and neat is a tailor-made costume in blue grey canvas. The skirt is plain, the bodice has square-cut zouave fronts and quite tight sleeves, but over either sleeve fall two full cape-like portions of the cloth edged only with machine-stitching. The zouave bodice has no collar, and is worn over a pretty blouse of soft creamy silk with a high neckband topped by a full soft frill of chiffon. Round the waist is a broad black satin ribbon that hangs in long ends at one side. White gloves, a white sailor hat, and a black en-tout-cas complete this severely simple costume.

